

THE PRESENT TENDENCIES OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By Edouard Rod.

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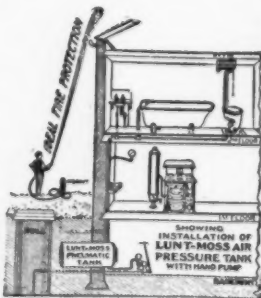
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HOMEKEEPING HEARTS.

My shepherd sings of homely wit,
The simple things of love,
This world, rude men, that strive in it,
The strong Heaven up above.

Brown birds that sing upon the trees,
Quaint flowers that open wide,
The stars that from Heaven's canopies
Swing out at evening tide.

My shepherd sings of homely ways,
No sterner is his tune
Than the dull round of toilsome days,
The weary heart at noon;

No longer than the woman's clasp
Tired shoulders round about,
Nor stronger than the cottage hasp
That shuts the whole world out.

Thus by my door my threads I twine,
Happy the whole day long
To hear this simple heart of mine
That reaches to his song.

Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

The Windsor Magazine.

THE VISION.

I come from lonely downs and silent
woods,
With winter in my heart, a withered
world,
A heavy weight of dark and sorrowful
things,
And all my dreams spread out their
rainbow wings,
And turn again to those bright solitudes
Where Beauty met me in a thousand
moods,
And all her shining banners were un-
furled. . . .
And where I snatched from the sweet
hands of Spring
A crystal cup and drank a mystic wine,
And walked alone a secret perfumed
way,
And saw the glittering Angels at their
play,
And heard the golden birds of Heaven
sing,
And woke . . . to find white lilies clus-
tering
And all the emerald wood an empty
shrine,
Fragrant with myrrh and frankincense
and spice,

And echoing yet the flutes of Para-
dise. . . .

Olive Douglas.

The Academy.

BALLADE OF THE WORLD IN
SHADOW.

Dead are the gods that our fathers
knew,

Less than the least of their chariot-
eers,

One with the Titans they overthrew.
Borne on the wind of the faithless
years

As the blown dust of a people's fears
Are the strown fires of their wisdom's
breath;

Mocking with laughter its saints and
seers,

The mad world sweeps through the
dark to death.

Keeping course through the endless
blue,

Blind with sorrow and spent with
jeers,

The old world swings through the
worlds made new.

Fond and vain are the pomps man
rears,

All his life is a wind that veers—
Time the old in his wisdom saith—

Dust lies light on your dancing peers,
The mad world sweeps through the
dark to death.

Rose-time fades to the time of rue.

Love is a vessel that no man steers,
Now, ere the singers be faint and few,
Mouthing dumbly, with deafened
ears,

Sing, make merry, and kiss your
dears:

For the world is weary, and hasteneth,
Down the shadow no dawn-star
clears,

The mad world sweeps through the
dark to death.

L'ENVOI.

Rust-red halberds and broken spears,
Prince, they are spoil for Astoreth.

She is the last lover each man hears,
The mad world sweeps through the
dark to death.

Ethel Talbot.

The Nation.

THE PRESENT TENDENCIES OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

If about the year 1830, a little before or after the battle of *Hernani*, some foreign editor had thought of interrogating a French writer upon the general tendencies of French literature, I imagine that the answer would have been easy and clear. The French author would have replied pretty much to this effect: "We have two opposite schools, the Classicists and the Romanticists. The one school is gaining and the other losing ground every day. The Classicists are bent on maintaining all ancient forms, as consecrated by tradition—the pompous Ode, the majestic Alexandrines, divided into two hemistichs and marching two and two; the tragedy with its three unities; academic eloquence and light poetry; such are the Conservatives. The Romanticists want to overturn all that; to crumble up the verse, to introduce a familiar style into poetry and eloquence and accurate expressions and the picturesque into language, to enlarge all boundaries and mingle all forms—these are the Revolutionaries." If asked to define more precisely the spirit of Romanticism and show in what essential points it differed from Classicism, our author would perhaps have found more difficulty; but he could at least have said that Romanticism was in revolt against social and moral as well as literary rules, that being strongly colored by individualism it declared for the passions—whatever their objects or forms—a kind of worship which glorified them and thought of nothing less than using them to "purify the soul" as they used to say in Corneille's time; that it prized imagination more than reason, Shakespeare rather than Racine, the Gothic cathedrals above the Parthenon; and our questioner would have arrived at an idea sufficiently clear, though somewhat summary and

simplified, of the two currents in French literature then in vogue; the one strong like a river continually swelled by new affluents and about to overflow its banks, the other like a rivulet whose source has run dry and which has only a few drops of water in its arid bed.

Let us suppose now that the same question had been put a quarter of a century later, say at the end of that year 1857 which witnessed the appearance of Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, of Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and of Hippolyte Taine's first *Essays in Criticism and History*, all this coming two years later than the *Demi-monde* of Alexandre Dumas fils. It would still have been possible to reply without any great trouble. "Certainly," one would have said, "Romanticism is not dead, and its masters hold their prestige. Did not Victor Hugo only last year send to us from his place of exile *Les Contemplations*? Is not Michelet still the most admired of all who give themselves to recalling the past? Is not Georges Sand the most fashionable of romancers and Dumas père the most popular? And if Musset is just dead, is not Lamartine still alive and at work, though in old age? Nevertheless, it is obvious that the wind has changed. The Romantic rhetoric has had its day; the young writers avoid its grandiloquent declamations and look for expressions more nicely moulded to the thought; grand gestures, extravagant sensibility, tempestuous passion are coming to look a little ridiculous; people are trying to express with precision the sentiments which they feel without inflating them. to describe life as it really is, without embellishment or make-up; the refinements and methods of exact science tend to intrude into criticism, and it

may be that the time is not far off when it will be proposed to apply to history and literature a procedure like that which is used in natural history." Again, any one can easily make out the main outlines of the picture.

Let us pass over a somewhat shorter period. So many events have happened that Ideas have moved faster. The Empire is fallen and the Republic installed—the Republic of which Thiers said—as was still believed—"The Republic will be Conservative or it will cease to exist." We are in 1878. Sully-Prudhomme is publishing *La Justice*, last year Emile Zola produced *L'Assommoir*, which has made a great stir, and is about to be staged, and Alphonse Daudet *Le Nabab*. Taine is working at the continuation of his *Origines de la France Contemporaine*. Brunetière has begun in the *Revue des deux Mondes* the series of his solid and vigorous articles. The splendid old age of Victor Hugo in its decline touches with gold what remains of Romanticism, like the rays of the setting sun falling on a ruin. Renan lends to everything that he touches the grace of his wonderful spirit. Dumas fils, Emile Augier, Sardou reign supreme at the theatre, where Henri Becque has already made his *début* with works which hardly seem to give promise of *Les Corbeaux*, the manuscript of which is waiting its time in the portfolios of the *Comédie Française*. It has become a more difficult task to disengage amid these various elements any common traits. But if the law of differentiation is at work as usual, if there is a multiplication of programmes, if æsthetics are tending to split up, there is at least one word, one ticket, which forms the strategic point in the literary battle; it is the word Naturalism. Zola invented it, or at all events brought it out; it was he who had searched for its formula, and discovered it in the course of a somewhat rapid expedition into

the *Médecine Expérimentale* of Claude Bernard. The word has made its fortune; it applies to philosophic as well as to literary tendencies. Zola indeed tries to introduce it into politics when he declares that the Republic "will be Naturalist or it will cease to exist." Two camps are formed; people are for or against Naturalism. To be against it is not a positive programme; the army of the opponents is composed of very heterogeneous elements; it is not yet perceived that the same is also true of its partisans. Remarkable as are the works which it has produced, Naturalism has not lasted ten years. Its walls have been breached ever since 1885, ruin threatens it. Carried away by its doctrine, it had gone too far in the direction of positivism, and had withdrawn further and further from all interest in the inner life. Now come the psychologists, who are bringing back into credit the delicate or refined study of the feelings. Now come also the Moralists who discuss their problems. Naturalism disdains poetry, but Verlaine comes in with a growing reputation, and restores it to the favor of *les jeunes*; the symbolists and decadents unite or quarrel among themselves; small schools are multiplied like so many heretical chapels round a church. To answer the question supposed to be put, it would now be needful to adopt divisions and sub-divisions, to take the risk of laborious definitions, to measure the degrees of yes and no, distinguishing different noisy doctrines which never enjoy a to-morrow, or works whose renown is totally forgotten.

However, all these little chapels tumble down one after the other. We no longer even look for labels to stick on the bottles. One of them objects to all "isms," though these are so convenient; another to all "schools," though they bring such charming comradeship and help to make works

known. Every one retires to his own corner and works for himself. Musset once said:

Je ne sais comment je vais je ne sais où.

This saying is more and more descriptive of every one. And here we see the first and most striking characteristic of our literature of the present day; it has no general tendencies which can readily be defined or explained. It moves because everything moves, it marches rapidly because everything marches rapidly, it evolves because everything evolves. But we must renounce the task of finding a formula for it, or stating in a few clear words in what direction or to what destiny it is moving. All that can be attempted is to indicate a few luminous points which can perhaps be distinguished; and even so there is no little risk of deceiving oneself, as often happens when one attempts definitions of this kind.

But first it is necessary to insist on the first characteristic which I have just indicated—the lack of general tendencies. A phenomenon has appeared in our literature somewhat like what we have long since perceived in modern architecture: it is composite, disparate, formed out of elements the sources of which can be traced and which are not peculiar to it. The greatest success in our theatre in late years has been attained by a romantic drama—the best in my opinion of all romantic dramas—*Cyrano de Bergerac*, 1897. Two or three days after the triumph of this play, the brilliance of which remains unparalleled, one of the masterpieces of our psychological drama—I am tempted to speak of it as classical, almost Racinian—*Le Passé*, by Georges de Porto-Riche, passed almost without notice. From that moment various pieces in verse arose here

and there, the form of which recalled that of *Cyrano*, and they reaped occasionally some of its success, but at the same time works of all sorts abounded, sad, merry, vulgar, realistic, fantastic, impressionist, plays with a purpose, comedies of incident, dishevelled plays derived from the old melodrama and popular plays derived from *L'Assommoir*. The public, teased and irresolute, threw itself now in one direction, now in another, hailing with joy to-day the thing it had hissed down yesterday, or vice versa, unconscious of its own doings. The managers required the theatrical providers to change their style according to what was in vogue; either simultaneously or in turn every recipe was tried, just as people fly desperately to every remedy in a case of illness. A small number of writers, amongst whom should be mentioned the author of *La Course du Flambeau*, M. Paul Hervieu, held on their own way through this hustling, allowing none of these illusions of art or of success to solicit or distract them.

It is indeed on the stage that this phenomenon of dissipation is most striking, because there its characteristics are to some extent naturally exaggerated. But it must also be said of other branches of literature. For instance, we have only to run through the names of our best read poets amongst those who have made a reputation during the last twenty years: Samain, M. Henri de Régnier, M. Auguste Dorchain, M. Jean Richepin, M. Rivoir, Mme. de Noailles, Mme. Gérard d'Houville, M. Fernand Gregh, etc. We need only write down these names side by side to realize at once how distinctly impossible it would be to unite them under a common denominator. Exposed to the same influences, living at the same period in the same city and breathing the same air, one would almost say they had set themselves the task of disproving the

theory of the medium in which most of them have been reared.

Nor is there any greater unity in the novel. Yet there, to speak truly, the technique has become, as it were, equalized; our novel writers have adopted forms which are similar or which at any rate might be grouped into several chief types. But the matter which flows through them is a product of many alloys. The one whose evolution has perhaps been broadest, M. Paul Bourget, began by re-establishing in a place of honor the old analytical novel (*Cruelle Enigme*, 1885); and now in his more recent books he appears to be returning more and more to the Balzac tradition. Amongst the rest there are some who carry on the line of Naturalism, and I should mention in that class an extremely remarkable but little-known book, *Les Circonstances de la Vie*, by M. C. F. Ramuz (1907); and there are some, like M. Elémir Bourges, who are moving towards Romanticism through the most refined æsthetics; some, like the Rosny brothers, lean readily on scientific theories and principles; some again, such as Mme. Marcelle Tinayre or the brothers Margueritte in some of their writings, remain above all things psychological; and others resolutely attack social problems, such as M. Marcel Prévost and M. René Bazin in their later books. And has not some attempt been made, in the footprints of M. Anatole France, to revive the philosophical novel and the libertine or philosophical tale of the eighteenth century? So that every path is being pursued, haphazard, and on this account one is forced to admit that there are no general characteristics outstanding in the run of the French novel of to-day.

It is possible that the increased diffusion of foreign literatures amongst us has partly contributed to the creation and maintenance of this incoherence. It is one of the most striking

facts of the period in which we live—a fact it is very important to emphasize. Not that there is anything unique or new about it in the history of our literature; France has always been much more accessible to these infiltrations than certain critics are prepared to believe. She has hardly ever been exclusively herself except in her Classical period; before that she had become strongly "Italianized" and "Spaniardized" with Concinl, Mazarin, the Corneille of the *Cid* and the *Menteur*, *les Précieuses*, Le Cavalier Marin. After that period the first Romanticists, breaking away from the degenerate Classicists, renounced their national masters, and went in search of models pretty well everywhere. But the models concerned were always relatively ancient: Dante, Shakespeare, Calderon. Their poetical matter had undergone the crystallization of time. From the fact that they were not contemporaries, only the secrets of art, of form and of æsthetics could be sought from them; thus, less direct and further removed, their action could only be beneficent, and in fact it worked in very much the same way as that of the Greeks and Romans in the preceding age; they were followed from afar and their poetry was absorbed without being imitated. Very differently have things happened in these latter years; the material which has come over the frontiers from foreign literatures has been quite hot and fresh; and its influence has at once become both more active and somewhat sterilizing. Again, up till now, we have scarcely been acquainted with any but our nearest neighbors, those who issued, like ourselves, from the Latin or Carolingian world. And now in the last twenty years we have seen the arrival of very different races, distant peoples, hitherto unknown, "new" in the true sense of the word, who are mingling with ours thoughts which have been governed by quite

other influences, and ripened by other light and other skies. Is it surprising that these thoughts have disturbed and troubled us, drawn us from our normal circle and at times misled us and thrown us into excesses contrary to our true temperament? The intervention in our development of the Russian novelists, which M. E. M. de Vogüé has described in his famous and epoch-making book (*Le Roman Russe*, 1886), and then the intervention of Ibsen, have been facts of the first importance. We were aware of it soon enough, and for my part I had occasion to speak of it long ago. But what we perceived rather confusedly some fifteen years ago we can see more clearly to-day.

A well-informed critical study would have fine play in following out in our literature the traces of these invasions, and of others also. The very hour could be marked when certain general ideas, which later became common ground and have penetrated to our habits and even to our legislation, slow as it is to change, entered upon the scene and into our books—the "religion of human suffering," certain very Slav forms of pity, the "rights of the soul," the "duty to oneself," etc. It would point out that this intrusion of essentially "northern" conceptions had been correspondingly met by an energetic effort of our writers to break with the traditional framework of our literature which Romanticism had done less to shatter than it was apt to say, to enlarge its proportions and dimensions, to come nearer to the vast and variable forms in which the English or Russian novels move, to throw the stage open to moral problems out of which Ibsen had been able to produce such powerfully dramatic effects. In pursuing his inquiry the critic would indeed in no way minimize our writers, nor make them out mere imitators or pale reflections; he would simply show that at the period in which we live thought can no

where, if I may venture to say so, be so nationally exclusive; and he would show this even in the case of the young masters who are most resolutely attached to French tradition and patriotism—of M. Maurice Barrès, for instance, who is impregnated with Germanism and yet does not cease to be a great French writer. Is this a good thing, or is it a misfortune? I cannot tell. The advantages and the disadvantages of railways, telegraphs, telephones and many other inventions which have, in the course of a hundred years, transformed the conditions of our public and private life, may be discussed to infinity, and so may such things as democracy, universal suffrage, parliamentary régime, or personal and compulsory military service. But these things are facts, and whatever one may think of them in the tribunal of the conscience, they must be accepted and reckoned with. In the same way, perhaps, with time, these influences which seem to us full of peril to our taste and to our character, because they have not yet been assimilated, will in the end become unified and blended; perhaps there will come to be in the various tongues but one single "world" literature, as it has already been styled, and which has already several illustrious representatives; perhaps we shall see an increase in the number of writers whose works appear everywhere almost at the same time, and whose glory or popularity has no nationality. Such a result would not be achieved, on the other hand, without some wastage; it requires the sacrifice of strongly accentuated characters, of the most picturesque elements, of that local truth which is always so savory, but which could not be equally interesting to all the capitals. For this reason I have difficulty in believing that good literature will gain in beauty if it continues its progress in the direction of cosmopolitanism. But it is not in

this domain alone that a transformation is being accomplished, and that a prodigious monotony is spreading over the world.

I said above that, feeling powerless to define with any precision the "present tendencies of French literature," I would endeavor at least to indicate some essential points which would be of assistance in seeing our way through the labyrinth. The invasion of foreign literatures, or, to speak exactly, of foreign contemporary writers, is the first, and its importance has been asserted more than once. I shall next describe the growing interest in historical studies of a particular kind.

This is not new either. During the romantic period a certain number of historical works contributed largely to the formation and diffusion of the new literary ideal; the names of Augustin Thierry, of the Lamartine of *les Girondins*, and especially of Michelet, suffice to recall all that Romanticism owes to history. Yet, with the exception of two or three celebrated productions, it remained in the background. The poets, playwrights and novelists already engrossed the largest share of the public favor. No historical success, not even *les Girondins*, can be compared with the success of such poems as the early *Méditations*, of dramas like *Chatterton* or *Anthony*, of novels like *Les Misérables*, or the *Juif Errant*, or even the *Trois Mousquetaires*. Again, these great historical works depended on no very strict method, nor even often on very careful documentary evidence; they were more like vast essays in which a great writer expressed his thought by the artistic correlation of still recent events, which were known and which he knew often better from the yet palpitating accounts of witnesses than from authentic papers. His readers still felt the vibrations and shudderings in the atmosphere around

them. History in these works was blended with the pamphlet, and it would have taken a good deal of trouble at times to trace the line of demarcation, so contagious was the passion which flowed through their ardent pages. Charmed to let themselves be carried along on irresistible currents, readers accepted them without criticism, infinitely more susceptible to the domination of talent than curious for information or desirous of seeking the truth.

Since those times, however, history has undergone a singular transformation. On the one hand it has enlarged the area of its investigations and perfected its method; on the other it has become intimate, unconstrained and specialized. We have historians who are, above all, learned men, such as MM. Seignobos, Aulard, Langlois; we have some who are also artists, like MM. Houssaye, d'Haussonville, Vandal, Masson; and we have others who are novelists as well, to look for what may be called the romances of history, or if you will, the dramatic events which are "human documents" rather than for historical documents, and they captivate their readers, as a novel does, by miscellaneous facts and *causes célèbres*. This form of history has greatly extended during the last few years; and it must henceforth be given a place side by side with the novel, whose long vogue it threatens, and whose great circulations it rivals. Besides, is not this good training? All forms of narrative are analogous; whether the writer draws on his inventive imagination or on his documents to defray the cost of his stories, he employs methods which are very similar. I would add that the fictions of the novelist may have their truth, and that *per contra* it is well to distrust the "truths" of history. The latter are indeed very uncertain, however perfect the methods employed. In dealing with facts, dates, politics,

history may no doubt realize its programme, but then it only pleases the specialists, the inquirers and the learned. When it takes in hand personages—and that is what the public expect of it—its certainties are not much more solid than those of the novel; but they give the illusion of being so, and for that reason I think romantic history greatly pleases our contemporaries. In it they can nurse and delude their growing taste for exactitude, and lull their misgivings as to "what never really happened." The authenticity of established names and dates quickly throws events into dazzling light to their eyes. The historical apparatus succeeds in imposing on them. Its domain, they consider, is outside the imagination of the narrator; they ask for no more. It is with a slight contempt that we lay down the novel to open a history book. We are persuaded that the latter is less deceptive than the former. This may not be true; but what does that matter? Nothing increases the intensity of one's emotions so much as to be in a position to believe or to imagine that one is not experiencing them for nothing, and that they have their foundation or their justification in "real truth."

One result which we may consider has been achieved by this great development of romantic history is the almost complete disappearance of the historical romance, which, however, is adorned by the books of M. Maurice Mandron (*Le tournoi de Vauplassans, Saint-Cendre*, etc.). The expressions I have used serve to show that there is not much more in it than a transposing of words; but this transposition has perhaps a meaning which I shall endeavor to bring out in my conclusions.

In a country in which the affairs of public life arouse the most passionate interest, and in which the conflict of parties and the struggles of classes too often take a most violent form, one

may expect to see social questions invade the field of literature. This is what has happened in fact—not, indeed, in poetry, which occupies a reserved territory, an "ivory tower" whose windows do not open on the street, but in the drama, and still more in the novel. This feature is doubtless no newer than the one last mentioned. Every one knows the favor accorded to social literature during the Monarchy of July. It will be remembered that Georges Sand made herself illustrious side by side with Pierre Leroux, who was fighting on the field of action, and that Eugène Scribe achieved in this line his most popular successes. But what is striking, what is peculiar to our day, is the degree of penetration attained by social ideas, the general interest they awaken, the ease with which they develop in regions from which they have hitherto been barred. Twenty years ago the reaction against Naturalism was marked by the revival of the psychological novel; to-day we see the very writers who started and worked that movement abandoning their studies of passion and sentiment to devote themselves to the problems, of an entirely different order, which exercise our hard-working democracy. M. Paul Bourget is the most striking example of this. None more resolutely than he shut himself up in his early days to the subterranean regions of the life of the intellect. Nor is there any one to-day who has thrown himself with such intense mental struggle into the general consideration of the complicated processes of our new social organization. That he examines it from the most resolutely and passionately reactionary point of view does not matter. What interests us is that this "psychologist" has become a "sociologist," and that the passions of the heart which formerly attracted him by the beauty of their play no longer affect him except in so far as they are

connected with public passions, or serve to explain them. At the other extreme is M. Paul Margueritte, whose case is no less significant. He also began with the psychological novel, with those moving and profound books entitled *Jours d'épreuve*, *La Force des Choses*, *La Tourmente*. And his recent works, written in collaboration with his younger brother, almost all seek to demonstrate some social theme, unless, like *Le Prisme* or *Vanité*, they are devoted to the study of the disturbances in the equilibrium of people's existence caused by the medley of classes and of fortunes. But here we see what is perhaps still more symptomatic. This delicate artist, having given an account of his childhood's memories, is not able to resist the unfortunate temptation to review them from his present angle of vision; and he has spoilt a charming book, a subtle and seductive study of a child's soul, for the pleasure of proclaiming himself a good Republican! M. Paul Bourget and the brothers Margueritte are diametrically opposed in their views of the social phenomena they observe; to the former these phenomena testify to a total disintegration; to the latter they announce the approach of a new era, in which there will be more happiness and more justice; but both the latter and the former put the same ardent zeal and the same preaching fervor into works whose forms do not lend themselves to such uses without damage. Legions block the way behind them, and what astonishes me is that we have not yet seen the dictum arise—a pendant to other celebrated formulae, and one good enough to tempt our prophets—literature will either be social or it will cease to exist.

Social and political; since these two words are equally inseparable from one another, now because they mingle, and now because they are in contradiction. Politics besides are a powerful source of interest and of drama, a veritable

passion which must now be ranked with other passions. In democratic countries especially it absorbs and devours a number of live forces. It spreads like a contagion, it is the soul of all great incidents, it increases the resonance of all the big trials, it is a marvellous "bouillon de culture" for all the microbes which move in the veins and viscera of the body of the nation. M. Jules Lemaitre in his *Député Leveau*, M. Maurice Barrès in his *Journée Parlementaire* and his trilogy *l'Energie Nationale*, M. Georges Lecomte in *Les Valets*, and many others in how many novels, plays and vaudevilles have striven to draw dramatic power or comic effect from this source; sometimes they have succeeded. Tragic events, violent catastrophes, "affaires" which have had a formidable notoriety, and one of which has perhaps changed the course of our destinies, prove how rich, varied, striking, terrible are the elements which politics afford to our art. The misfortune is that reality, an artist wiser than the cleverest, shapes this burning matter in such a way that no one can touch it after her without either extinguishing it or cooling it down. Amongst all the works inspired by the great "affaires" of this later period—and every one knows there have been enough of them—I know only of the first part of *Leurs figures* in which the artist has been able to extract from his subject all the emotion which it carried. Except in that instance not one of them has given us such thrills as were furnished by the daily reports thrown together by hurried journalists who left all their eloquence to the facts themselves.

One of the most permanent characteristics of our literature is that it has always given an important rôle—one, if you will, out of all proportion—to the passions of love. The description of the struggles in which love engages in the conflict with duty, which never

tires the French public, is the theme of almost all classical tragedy, and of the greater number of our famous novels, from the *Princesse de Clèves* by Madame de Lafayette to *La Maison du Péché* by Marcelle Tinayre, passing by the *Lys dans la Vallée* of Balzac, *Valentine* by Georges Sand, and, indeed, how many others! This topic may, no doubt, still be found in our present productions, but it cannot be said that it is the whole soul or the whole marrow of them. The reason is that, slowly as our habits change, they are nevertheless in process of change. I do not know whether they are relaxing, as peevish spirits maintain, or whether they are better or worse than of old. This alone is certain, that they are no longer quite the same. In cases of passion, as well as in others, the idea of *duty*, from which Corneille, for instance, drew such magnificent effects, has lost part of its rigor, and nothing more is required to modify large sections of literary matter. How, for example, could an inward struggle have the same violence in the minds of husband and wife united by bonds which they consider indissoluble, as it has in the minds of those who know that they can break them by means of some legal manoeuvre, for which they have only to refer to a solicitor and an advocate? Can you expect lovers to judge their passion with the same severity and to struggle against it with the same energy whether they deem it eternally guilty, condemned and perilous to their honor, or, on the contrary susceptible, after some little inconveniences, of receiving all the sanctions of the law and of public opinion? One of the essential "springs" of literary mechanism has been loosened by the more and more widespread idea of the dissolubility of marriage. The trouble is to replace it. And in seeking this, the most original writers have taken to describing not the conflicts of pas-

sion with duty, but its struggles with itself, its spontaneous anguish, the tragic fires which it sets alight, and in which it is consumed, and more than ever it is a case of "*Venus tout entière à sa proie attachée*." In invading these hearts which are detached from all religious or moral faith, and from all "prejudices," social or worldly, Venus no longer meets with the barriers which she formerly had to overthrow; she is none the less cruel for that, and finds a thousand new ways of torturing her victims. In this kind of work the *Théâtre d'Amour* by Georges de Porto-Riche is particularly characteristic. In this piece we see persons who are absolutely engrossed by their passion suffering to the point of despair without ever asking themselves whether it is guilty or not, and only because they look to find in it happiness or certainty, peace or exaltation, security with caprice, pleasure with dignity, without attaining to a reconciliation of these contraries. So that in each essential scene and at each issue they are crying out at the everlasting misery of their hearts: "Alas, we have rent one another like two enemies; irreparable words have been said, I have misunderstood you, you have deceived me, and there I am. We might almost believe that we are riveted to one another by all the evil we have done to each other, by all the infamies we have thrown in each other's faces. What a degradation!"¹ Or, again, that poignant cry of Dominique, in *Le Passé*, when she rejects the advances of her old lover, whom she still loves and who urges her: "Oh, my youth, my youth! to have lost it whilst you were not there! To have it no longer when now at last you love me, and I need it so much! Alas! Alas! I would give you my whole life, and I am hardly beautiful enough for a caprice."² If I were to

¹ *Amoureuse* III 8.

² *Le Passé*, v. 14.

say that there is nothing more human, nothing profounder in *Phèdre* or in *Bajazet*, should I be believed? Yet here passion is the sole subject; it is of that alone that she thinks; no duty confronts her; it is on her own account that she is distressed; she is indeed her own executioner—and the torture is perfect. In pieces like *Le Voleur*, which had a triumph last year, or *Samson*, which is being played with success at this moment, M. Bernstein appears to have pursued with less art and more brutality, a parallel path, and I find it rather curious to note the pleasure which the public takes in its cruel studies of passion—pure and simple, if one may say so. They always seem more immoral than those in which the old conflicts were described, even if they end in the most lamentable defeats; it is perhaps because they are really *non-moral*. Spectators and readers of average judgment admit that passion carries it over duty, vice over virtue, and evil over good; but they have more difficulty in consenting simply to obliterate the line of demarcation. "*Entre les deux sentiers dont il ne reste rien.*"²

I am quite aware that foreign readers make most serious complaint against our writers of this tendency. Shall I undertake their defence? It would lead me too far from the subject I have set myself. Yet I cannot refrain from reminding readers before I pass on that, as far as I am concerned, I have always maintained that a writer, so long as he is sincere, and does not seek scandals for unnecessary reasons, has an absolute right to represent life just as he sees, observes or conceives it. He does not compel any one to read his novels, or to listen to his plays. But if the public, who are responsible for the choice of their reading, or of the plays they see, have full liberty to avoid them

when they consider them unwholesome, it is important that the writer should preserve his liberty to treat every subject as he understands it, with such reservations only as he thinks he ought to maintain, and of which he must be the judge.

If it is difficult to discover any clear unity in the ideas, as a whole, which constitute the framework of our literature, it is no easier to discover any such unity in its forms, whether one examines its various classes, its moulds, its phraseology, or its vocabulary.

I said above that history appears to be at this moment the subject preferred by readers. Yet it does not occupy the kind of regal position which tragedy held, for instance, in the seventeenth century; it is a mere preference and no more, a vogue which answers to the long-continued favor of the novel. The novel, indeed, which, with its convenient framework and its intentional laxity, suits so well the literary taste of a democratic age, a taste necessarily somewhat worn, held that regal position for a short period, the period in which the great works of Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, and then Guy de Maupassant were appearing. But it has lost it. In spite of the talent displayed by our present novelists, amongst whom there are many besides the few I have had occasion to name who deserve mention—in spite of the fact again that several of them handle their tools admirably and wield them with a splendidly sure hand, and although a very numerous public is no more weary of new editions of famous novels than the publishers are of offering them, yet the novel no longer attracts exclusive attention, it is no longer the most effective means of making one's name, of becoming celebrated, or of spreading one's ideas. The theatre, which fifteen years ago seemed to be falling into decay, has

² Musset. "Between the two paths of which nothing remains."

regained its lost ground and found its vein—to apply to it the word which has served as the title of one of its greatest successes and has brought good fortune to Alfred Capus. With its emotions, its expansive power, its seductions, and its enormous profits, the theatre keeps its prestige among authors as well as with the crowd; it has consequently taken from the novel some of its best representatives, such as Paul Hervieu, and one feels that its attractive force is acting on others also. Paul Bourget felt it recently, as is proved by the great success of the play he wrote with a young collaborator, after his novel, *Un divorce*. It is much the same with poetry, which the Naturalists had excommunicated. And there are some narrower literary walks, if one may so speak, the astonishing popularity of which should be noticed. Such, for instance, is the lecture, dear both to the fashionable and to the populace, which for some takes the place of reading and for others provides an intellectual and easily-digested sketch of the topics of discussion or conversation, a way of spending an idle hour, and of seeing one's friends and being seen. Perhaps it partly owes its vogue to the marvellous art displayed by Brunetière in this line. We have no other lecturer to-day to be compared with him for the masterly arrangement of his material, his beauty of style, the solidity of his information and his wonderful authority in speaking; qualities which made his ten lessons on the *Origines de l'Encyclopédie*, delivered in 1905 before the Lecture Society, quite unforgettable and supreme. Those only who heard them can know their full value. But René Doumic, Jules Lemaitre and some others still maintain this kind of exercise at a very honorable level. Perhaps the lecture will be the last refuge of oratory, for one cannot say that it has disappeared, though it is in process of transforma-

tion. We have not, so far as I know, a sacred orator of equal renown to Lacordaire or Didon; and if Lent sermons still attract a respectable audience, the merit is perhaps not due to the talent of the preachers. On the other hand the young members of the bar, such as Me. Henri Robert, Me. Chenu, Me. Decori and several others, are on the high road to a revival of its models, and the creation of an art which, whilst breaking away from the old traditions of eloquence, is admirably adapted for its object, and gains a position by qualities which are displayed and perfected from day to day, so that a speech made by one of them which has no vestige of resemblance to the famous utterances of Jules Favre or Lachaud is a masterpiece of precision, vigor, faultless clarity and persuasive logic. The same observation applies to political speaking, the changed style of which was ushered in by such men as Waldeck-Rousseau, Clémenceau, Ribot, Poincaré. Though perhaps less clever and less perfected in their art, the Parliamentarians who compel attention tend more and more to bring their method into line with that which succeeds in the Courts.

I should fall too far short of a complete view if I omitted to mention, if only as a reminder, the songs (*chansons*) which are applauded by a certain public (I verily believe foreigners and tourists form the majority of them) in restaurants. They have a picturesqueness of a more or less artificial or highly spiced description; the ancient *Chat Noir*, which was the first and the most successful, has, I think, never been surpassed.

History, the novel, the drama, poetry and oratory have always developed on parallel lines, each having its periods of popularity and of reverse. But the lecture and the song have now taken on an importance which they have never had before.

Are there in form—that is to say in language, style and vocabulary—any general characteristics which tend to prevail? One of the salient facts of the present and preceding periods has been the triumph of *impressionism* in painting. The art critics contributed largely to preparing the way for it. We have not forgotten the sensation caused by the article on "The Salon" of 1866, which Emile Zola wrote in *l'Événement*, and afterwards brought out in a pamphlet in order to explain the formulæ of the young School, to trace its programme, and to defend its master, Edouard Manet, then the subject of much dispute. Forty years have gone by since that manifesto, and the battle has long since been won. The *Olympia* by Manet, which was the centre point of the conflict, is at the Louvre; and no one cares to deny that it is in its right place beside the masterpieces of the French School. The canvases of Paul Cézanne—to whom that very "Salon" of 1866 was dedicated—of Claude Monnet and of others are at a premium in the market, and the impressionist æsthetics more or less inspire every new production. Similarly we have experienced and still possess a literary impressionism, the fortune of which has been less splendid, but whose characteristics somewhat closely resemble those of the impressionist painters. No drawing, very little composition, a great deal of light and movement and color; tones which clash violently or dissolve boldly; "blots" which fix a rapid impression, often confused and unexplained; personal and fleeting vision preferred to a more considered, attentive and synthetic view; violent effects obtained by surprise; the sentence as it were deprived of backbone, and every effort of art devoted to the wording; among these efforts the adjective in description and the noun in dialogue claiming even greater impor-

tance at the expense of the verb. Certain brilliant successes, particularly in the theatre, would incline us to say that this tendency has a greater prevalence than ever; but it will not do to forget that along with these pieces, in which all the interest lies in the clashing of situations or events, and not unfrequently common expressions and incoherent cries take the place of a dialogue reduced to its simplest terms, we have seen others appear whose language and structure are as severe as one could wish, such as those of Georges de Porto-Riche and Paul Hervieu and some of Henri Lavedan's and the last of Maurice Dounay. No novels have ever been more skilfully constructed than those of Paul Bourget, written in better language than those of René Bazin, carried through with finer art than those of Marcelle Tinayre, or richer in narrative power than those of Marcel Prévost, nor can there be found in all our poetry gems of grander style than some of the pieces of Henri de Régnier, especially in his new book, *La Sandale Ailée*. The contrast between these two tendencies, from which I shall try presently to draw a lesson, is evident enough. The only trait which they have in common is the taste for enriching their vocabulary; almost all writers love to disinter old-fashioned words, to discover expressive or dainty expressions rarely in use, to make search for exact or highly decorated terms, sometimes even among the provincialisms which used to be so loftily despised. It is in effect a continuation of the movement initiated by the Romantics—perhaps somewhat moderated by good taste and discrimination?

Have I now sufficiently shown what a glance over our contemporary literature permits us to state at the first blush: that there is no predominant school of writers, no common direction, and that the whole of our literary pro-

duction is above all heterogeneous and composite? Nevertheless one seems sometimes to discern amidst these diverse elements one feature which, though not enough to give it a character of unity, may perhaps serve to guide future critics in disentangling the skein; it is the *desire for truth in painting life and describing feelings*. We can see at once whence comes this disposition, it springs out of the reaction against Romanticism, which, on the contrary, delighted in exaggerating facts, falsifying proportions, over-coloring characters, swelling out passions, and was never satisfied without frenzied rhetoric and word-painting. As has been seen above, it was the chief task of the best writers of the second half of the nineteenth century to get rid of these artifices and expel the virus which poisoned them. They did not always succeed; traces of Romanticism are found in Baudelaire. In the Flaubert of *Salammbô* or the *Visitation de Saint-Antoine*. At the supreme moment of his "Naturalist" campaign, Zola himself lamented that he was still a Romanticist in spite of himself; and as it sometimes happens that we fall back in later years upon the permanent dispositions of our nature which life had for a time effaced, he became more and more Romantic as years went on, so that his latest novels seem quite opposite to the methods he had laid down and the most successful examples of his best period, and recalled somewhat the prophetic style of Victor Hugo's latest manner. Still sacrificing to the idol, these writers had at least denounced the character of their alloy; it was their chief merit and their discovery.

After them others came, who perhaps served the cause better by their collective effort than by any remarkable works. Their personal reputation is undoubtedly less; that is because talent in these days is current and wide-

spread; every one obtains an honest share, as in the case of a too large class of co-heirs, while no one is so favored as to attain that kind of "royalty" which Victor Hugo enjoyed for so long, nor even the disputed dictatorship of Zola, who succeeded him as a tribune succeeds to an Emperor. But in substance, different as they are from each other, Impressionists or Classicists or Realists or "Humanists," or unclassified as they may be, our writers have all in common that love of truth in observation and in expression which is the characteristic and the glory of all their efforts, however incomplete. Take the most artistic among them, say Henri de Régnier: you can see that the exactness of his terms is to his mind inseparable from their beauty. Listen to one of our best plays, open one of our most esteemed novels, you will carry away the same impression: the work may be different in genius, in spontaneity, in power, in abundance; probably it may be so; but at least the author does not try to inflate it in order to put the reader off, in the insufferable manner of the Romanticists, great and small. Take one of the books of history of which I have spoken, or a book of literary history, or even of criticism: the same quality will strike you; you will find the writer going carefully by short steps, resting on his documents as on a pair of crutches, not hunting for effects, but relying for intensity upon the force of the events he relates rather than upon the more or less brilliant manner in which he relates them. And this characteristic is really, I think, the only one which I can discover everywhere, or at least of which I can discover all around me recognizable traces, even when it is actually defaced or lost. By its means I can succeed in judging the period I live in. Romanticism was a luxurious and intoxicating vapor bath which interrupted the traditional course of French litera-

ture, though it made a splendid sensation and was an interlude by no means to be regretted. After this formidable shock, comparable with that which it suffered in the time of Ronsard, or later on when, with the young Pierre Corneille and the Spaulards, it failed to invent Romanticism two centuries before its time, our literature has returned to its normal route and has pieced its broken threads together again. We are Classicists to our marrow;

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we had ceased to be so; we are trying to become Classicists again. In that saying I would sum up my opinion on the general tendencies of our literature at the present time; but, if accepted at all, it should not be accepted without taking account of the variety of works and of characters which I have here observed upon, and this reservation will suffice to moderate whatever in my verdict would otherwise be too general or too absolute.

Edouard Rod.

MEMORIES OF LONDON IN THE FORTIES. — III.*

BY DAVID MASSON.

The first time I heard Carlyle's name, or knew of his existence, was in the winter of 1840-41, when I was eighteen years of age. It was at a meeting of the Theological Society of the University of Edinburgh. A paper having been read by one of the members, and some of the others offering their criticisms on it, one of these—Paul by surname—said that some of the views of the paper resembled what he had been reading in a recent publication of that extraordinary man, Mr. Carlyle. Greatly interested in what I had heard, I inquired more about this Mr. Carlyle before the meeting was over, was informed that the publication was called "Chartism," and was promised a copy on loan. This was by Mr. Paul himself, who, I think, was the only one of all the members who at that time was wiser than the rest in knowing something about Carlyle. Having read the thin volume of the "Chartism," with what impressions I cannot now remember precisely, I was anxious for more from the same quarter. This came in the form of the "Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship," which had been delivered in London in 1840, and had just been pub-

lished. I read the book, I remember, with great avidity, chiefly in walks to the Corstorphines and Craigcrook, and was so interested and roused by it that I wrote to my friend Alexander Bain in Aberdeen, with whom I was then in correspondence, describing the extreme novelty of its character, and advising him by all means to procure a copy. After a vain search, he had concluded that there was not a copy in all Aberdeen, when he found one in the possession of a Unitarian minister, of English birth and breeding, and more alert to new lights from the south than the Aberdonians among whom he had settled. This poor man, I heard, died not long afterwards by suicide.

Books were far less accessible in those days than they are now; and though, in addition to Carlyle's "Chartism" (1839) and his "Heroes and Hero-Worship" (1840), there were already out in the world his "Translation of Wilhelm Meister" (1824), his "Life of Schiller" (1825), his "Specimens of German Romance" (1827), his "French Revolution" (1837), his "Sartor Resartus" (in book-form since 1838), and his "Collected Miscellanies" (1838), my acquaintance with these, or with most of them, had to be postponed. Some of the "Miscellanies" I must have

* These Memories were written mainly between 1863 and 1865; and some additions were made at a later date. — F. M.

read in the course of 1841, and perhaps the "French Revolution"; but "Sartor Resartus" lay over for about three years more. Meanwhile I had opportunities of hearing a great deal about Carlyle personally, and the singular reputation he had made for himself among the Londoners.

The chief medium of this information was the Mr. John Robertson of whom several mentions are made in Mill's Autobiography, and also in Mr. Froude's Life of Carlyle, and in Mrs. Carlyle's Letters. No one could guess from these casual mentions what an energetic and really remarkable fellow this Robertson himself was in his day, or what a strange romance, tragic on the whole, his life would seem if it could be all told. As far as to the point of my present concern with him, the main facts are that, having been brought up in his youth to the trade of a cooper in Aberdeen, but having attracted attention by his superior abilities, and so been provided, at Glasgow and elsewhere, with the education necessary for preaching and ministry among the Scottish Congregationalists, he had forsaken that destination, gone to London as a literary adventurer, and, after some time of hard struggle there, attained what was to be the summit of his success in this world. This was a literary friendship with John Stuart Mill, and the editorship, or rather assistant-editorship, under Mill, of "The London and Westminster Review," during the three years, or thereabouts, from 1837 to 1840, when it was entirely Mill's property. It was Robertson who, in January 1839, during Mill's absence abroad, gave such offence to Carlyle, Mr. Froude tells us, by breaking off the negotiation which had been begun on an article from Carlyle on Oliver Cromwell, and intimating to Carlyle that "he meant to do Cromwell himself." Mill's proprietorship of the "Review" having ceased early in 1840,

Robertson was thenceforward once more adrift in the London world; but the fact that he had been editor of such a periodical still stood him in good stead; and he found occupation enough, chiefly in writing for newspapers. At all events, as the only Aberdonian known to Bain and myself who had settled in London with some effect of brilliancy in the literary department, he was a star of no small interest to us two. Bain had known him in his early Aberdonian days, and had renewed acquaintance with him in 1839, during the brief visit which Robertson then paid to Aberdeen. Through Bain I must have heard of him from about that time, and perhaps seen one or two pieces of his writing; but it was not till 1841, just after Carlyle had dawned upon me in the manner already described, that Robertson and I actually met. For some reason or other—I rather think it was because he was feeling his way to the possibility of being returned to Parliament for some Scottish constituency in the then great non-Intrusionist interest in kirk politics—he was on another visit to Scotland. He was in Edinburgh for a week or ten days, seeing much of Dr. Chalmers and others; and it was then that, by his own appointment, we came first together. At my first meeting with him at his hotel, the Black Bull in Leith Street, and in subsequent walks with him through the Edinburgh streets and suburbs, he opened his budget of London news in the most profuse fashion. I had never had such a godsend of gossip about men and things of note in the great metropolis. This, however, was but a whet of the appetite for what came later in the same year. Robertson, having gone north from Edinburgh to his native Aberdeen, had made up his mind for a longer stay there than he originally intended; and when I went thither for my autumn holiday, which was to extend through

the months of August and September, I found him still there in constant confabulation with Bain, and ready to resume confabulation with me. What confabulations there were! Almost daily, through those autumn weeks, we three—Robertson, Bain, and myself—were together in our walks: our most frequent walks being to the Aberdeen Links, where, either on the slope of the Broad Hill looking down on the German Ocean, or in one of the sand-bunkers amid the bents closer to the searoad, we would sit for hours talking of all things in heaven and earth. Robertson always the talker-in-chief, and entertaining us, his willing listeners, with endless stories and anecdotes of London notabilities and London literary life. As Bain has already made public, in his brief recollection of those Aberdeen confabulations in the autumn of 1841, given at p. 63 of his volume entitled "John Stuart Mill: a Criticism," Robertson's talk with us ran much on Mill; and indeed it was then, and by Robertson's means, that there began through the post that direct communication between Bain and Mill which ripened afterwards into so important an intimacy. But Carlyle was another of Robertson's favorite subjects. It was a testimony to the extraordinary depth of the impression which Carlyle had by that time made on all who were within his circle that there had been formed in Robertson, even then, that habit of always speaking of Carlyle, always recurring to Carlyle, after any range of the conversation among other things, which I was to observe for the next forty years in every person, without exception, that had come within Carlyle's influence, whether personally or through his books. In 1841 Robertson could not, for any half hour together, keep off Carlyle. He was represented to us as a man *sui generis*, a man after no fashion known among the moderns, a man to be seen rather than

described. We were told, among other things, of his terrible dyspepsia, his domineering ascendancy in talk, his sarcastic humor, and his general grimness and contradictoriness. There was nothing ill-natured in these sketches of Carlyle for us by Robertson, though perhaps more of a fascination for what could be reported as Carlyle's oddities than of real reverence. Robertson did not even spare himself when he would illustrate for us Carlyle's relations to people about him. It so chanced, though Mr. Froude does not mention the fact, that Robertson *had* carried out his intention, that had so offended Carlyle, of "doing Cromwell" himself in "The London and Westminster." There *had*, indeed, been nothing unnatural or absurd in that intention; for Robertson had been trained among the Independents or Congregationalists, the only portion of British Society that had preserved a tradition of Cromwell more affectionate and respectful than that which prevailed generally, and might easily, therefore, at a time when Carlyle was but groping into the Cromwell subject, and his views of it were unknown, imagine that such a subject would be safer in his own hands than in Carlyle's. Accordingly, in the number of the "Review" for October 1839, there had duly appeared the projected article on Cromwell from Robertson's own pen. By the time of our Aberdeen confabulations I must have read this article; and my recollection of my juvenile impressions of it, whatever I might think of it now, is that it was an excellent article, setting forth with some care and ability, and with some passages of literary beauty, a view of Cromwell which must have been then quite new to the majority of readers. At all events, Robertson had continued to think of it as his masterpiece; and it was with something like a sense of grievance that he told us of a small

passage-at-arms between himself and Carlyle relating to this article, some months after it had been published. Carlyle, who had meanwhile been working more at Cromwell, though still only in a tentative fashion, had made Cromwell the chief subject of one of his lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship in the season of 1840. Robertson had attended the lecture, and, having followed Carlyle into the retiring-room after it was over, had said somewhat excitedly and imprudently, "I am glad to see, Carlyle, that you have adopted my theory of Cromwell." The knock-down reply had come at once, in these words: "Didn't know, sir, that you *had* a theory of Cromwell." Though this was a story at Robertson's own expense, it was told without much resentment, as a mere example of Carlyle's ways.

Another person from whom, about the same time, I received information about Carlyle personally, though more at secondhand, was my friend and class-fellow in Edinburgh University, Alexander Johnston Ross, recently vicar of St. Peter's, Stepney, and now rector of Snelston in Derbyshire.¹ At the time of our first acquaintance with each other in the University, Ross had just returned from a residence in Madeira, where an elder brother of his was settled in medical practice. He had there seen a good deal of John Sterling, whose stay in Madeira for the sake of his health, through the winter of 1837-38, is now one of the memorabilia of the history of that island. Alexander Ross, one of the most genial and sympathetic of men, and with a range of literary tastes and accomplishments, and of cultivation by travel, much beyond what was then common among Scottish students, had been so fascinated by Sterling that he could not help describing him to me,

and repeating to me this and that from Sterling's conversation. He was, in fact, full of Sterling,—though then little foreseeing the close relationship into which he himself was to be brought with the Sterling family by his marriage, long after Sterling's death, with one of Sterling's daughters. Sterling was then a totally new name to me; and I was more interested in what Ross could tell me of Sterling's talk about his friend Carlyle. At the time of Sterling's Madeira visit, he had known Carlyle about three years; and it would appear that he also, wherever he went, had Carlyle's name always on his lips. Hence Ross had preceded me considerably in his knowledge of Carlyle, and was able to give me, at second-hand from Sterling, particulars about Carlyle in addition to those I had from Robertson.

From some time in 1842, and through the whole of 1843 (a year famous in Scottish annals as that of the Disruption of the Scottish National Church), my occupation was that of editing an Aberdeen weekly newspaper. It was about the middle point of this editorship, in the summer of 1843, that I allowed myself a fortnight's holiday for a visit to London. It was my first visit to the great capital, my first excursion out of Scotland, and, of course, a stirring affair for me. I remember well my voyage of two days and two nights in the steamer from Aberdeen, and the faces of some of my fellow-passengers.² We came up the Thames in the dark, and had moored in the stream a little way off the landing-place, in one of the docks about Wapping. I can remember the astonishing effect of the sight of the lines of wharves and warehouses with glaring names upon them, and of the crowd of craft in the river, when we went up on deck in the early dawn; the boatmen waiting in

¹ Written after April 28, 1883, when Dr. Ross was instituted Rector of Snelston. Dr. Ross died February 18, 1887. — F. M.

² My father used to tell us that in those days there was always a chaplain on board on these voyages between Aberdeen and London—F. M.

great numbers to carry the passengers and their luggage ashore; the difficulty, at that early hour, of procuring a cab. The nearest cab-stand seemed to be at the Tower, or thereabouts; and it was only by bargaining with one or other of the ragamuffins loafing about the wharf that a cab could be fetched thence into the Wapping neighborhood, already astir with other traffic, and blocked up with bales and wagons. The cab I had thus bespoken came at last, wriggling its way through these obstacles to a vacant spot, the messenger perched beside the driver, and sharp for his recompense. Inside the rickety box, and on the move into the veritable London, the drive of four or five miles seemed interminable. Streets, streets, streets, at first chokingly narrow and monotonously alike, but gradually broader and more various; and in every street shops and their signboards, shops and their signboards, till one grew dizzy with looking out! Such an impression of vastness and populousness one had never received before: at first, from the earliness of the hour, a sleepy populousness; and not till one was well through the city did one begin to feel into what an enormous aggregate of wakeful humanity one had come. It was about breakfast-time when I was deposited at my destination—the lodgings of my friend Alexander Bain, in one of the quiet streets to the north of Oxford Street.

Besides Bain, whose guest I was to be during my stay, there were two other friends of mine in London, who were Bain's friends as well. One was John Robertson, already for both of us a connecting-link with London, and the other was Dr. Thomas Clark, Professor of Chemistry in Marischal College, Aberdeen, then up in London on the business of a patent of his for softening hard water. We four were much together, and it was under their convoy that I went about and acquired

what little knowledge of London was to be acquired in my fortnight's holiday. My recollections of those walks of ours about London in that first fortnight of my acquaintance with it, so long ago, seem now to distribute themselves into two main routes—the eastern route, citywards, and the western route, by Piccadilly. From that day to this I have retained a peculiar fondness for that route to the city which, persisting through the whole length of the Strand and down the gentle slope of Fleet Street, ascends to St. Paul's by Ludgate Hill, and then, skirting St. Paul's, reaches the Mansion-House and the rest of the heart of the City by thronged Cheapside. It is into that route, populous and noisy though it always is, that I invariably let myself be lured. But the route is not now the same for the eye as when I first knew it. Much of the antiqueness, much of the picturesqueness of the house-frontage on both sides, much of what reminded one so pleasantly and quaintly of historical old London, has disappeared since the summer afternoons and evenings when I first made acquaintance with it. Old Temple Bar is gone, whose archway separated the Strand from Fleet Street; some old houses that lingered in that vicinity from the time of Henry VIII. are also gone; spaces have been cleared and covered with new buildings; the Cannon Street siding draws off the traffic from old Cheapside; antiqueness and picturesqueness have given way everywhere to convenience. In particular, no one descending Fleet Street now on a summer evening, and having his view up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's interrupted by the ugly railway-viaduct which has been thrown across the junction at Farringdon Street, can imagine how beautiful that bit of London used to be; how like some pictured bit of an old Continental town, when the Cathedral and its precincts were tinged with

the gold of the setting sun. How much of my time was passed in mere sauntering along the line of Fleet Street and the Strand, and taking in the impressions there to be obtained of London life and bustle, I can hardly say.

The other, the Piccadilly route from Leicester Square westward, with the Green Park and St. James's Park on one side and Hyde Park on the other, was much in favor with my companions, and therefore with myself. Here, indeed, there was delightful variety enough; and always opposite Apsley House, the great Duke then still alive and tenantrying it, there was a pause for one earnest look, due to it on that account.

On our return from one long westward excursion, late one summer evening, we again—Robertson leading us—turned into the Green Park, and sat, for a silent minute or two, on a seat, a little within the Park, but facing the Piccadilly houses; and it was then and there that I had the first sensation of the phenomenon that I have verified since by I know not how many repetitions. I called it then the *Roar of Piccadilly*; and that is the name by which I still think of it.

Ceaselessly on your ear, from that spot within the Green Park, ceaselessly and not intermittently, there comes a roar or boom, as if all the noises of all the wheels of all the carriages in creation were mingled and ground together into one subdued, hoarse, moaning hum, not unpleasing, but melancholy and mystical. The passing carriages in Piccadilly itself and the adjacent streets, furnish really, I suppose, all the sound; but, in listening, one can hardly believe this, so unbroken is the roar, so equable, and seeming to consist of such a complex amalgam of noises gathered far and near over an area of unknown miles. A similar roar, also characteristic of London, is audible on the top of St. Paul's; but that vertical or ascending roar from

London lying beneath may be distinguished, if I may trust my own recollection of it, from the horizontal roar that comes to you from the London of your own level as you are seated meditatively in the Green Park, just off Piccadilly. All day, and, I believe, all night, it goes on, one and the same, and without an instant of stop. Doubtless it has been modified somewhat, attenuated somewhat, by improvements of the material for street paving, and by the invention of elastic tyres for wheels; but essentially it is indestructible.³ I heard it first nearly sixty years ago;⁴ I heard it in my last visit to London; while I write this, four hundred miles away from it, I know it is there, the ceaseless *Roar of Piccadilly*. Melancholy I have called it; but that may depend on the mood of the listener. Certainly to a stranger in London, beginning his chances of fortune there, or looking forward to that likelihood, I can conceive nothing more saddening than a solitary reverie on one of those seats in the Green Park, with that roar of Piccadilly as continuous in his ear as if a sea-shell were held close to it, and telling of the pitiless immensity of life and motion amid which he, one poor atom more, means to find a home. Let him, therefore, stand up, and, if it is late in the afternoon, make his way, as I did, into the adjacent Hyde Park, where by this time all the rank and wealth and beauty are beginning their slow procession of mutual review in the great carriage-drive between Apsley House and the bridge over the Serpentine at the entry to Kensington Gardens. There is noise there, too, and matter enough to continue the mood of sadness in one who feels himself but a solitary young alien among the files of pedestrians by the side of the vast whirl; but, on the

³ Motors have changed its character greatly.—F. M.

⁴ This passage was written at a later date, apparently after 1900.—F. M.

whole, all other feelings yield to the exhilaration, the splendid interest and variety of the spectacle. This is London in full season, and in its most glorious conflux; and where in the world besides can there be seen such a gathered tulip-show of radiant faces and dresses, blazing liveries, magnificent equipages? To a provincial, beholding the spectacle for the first time, I am not sure but the horses are as impressive a part of it, as memorable a revelation of the supremacy of the metropolis, as the assembled aristocracy of human beings. Goodish horses are to be seen anywhere; but hardly till one has been in Hyde Park, in a late afternoon between April and August, when the stream of carriages is in motion on the carriage-drive, and there are still riders enough in Rotten Row, is the idea of what a horse may be made perfect by abundance of illustration. After that you know a good horse at first sight for ever, and look askance at the poor triangular brutes that pass for horses where people know no better.

One night I went to the opera in her Majesty's Theatre; and, though Grisi was then in her prime, and in her great part of *Norma*, I have a less definite recollection of her singing than of that of the gigantic Lablache, with his enormous bass voice, in the character of the Arch-Druid: the mere thunder of that one voice, I suppose, was then more within my appreciation than anything in the operatic art. After the opera came a ballet, with Taglioni, if I remember aright, as the chief dancer. More vague than my recollection of my first visit to the opera is that of my first visit to the gallery of the House of Commons. It was the temporary House, which served for the Commons in the interval between the burning of the old Houses of Parliament and the building of the new Houses. Nothing of special importance can have been going on, for I can recall nothing ex-

cept the appearance of things in the Strangers' Gallery round about me, and one gray-haired veteran, who sat in the very middle of the front row, attentive to the proceedings underneath. This, I was told, was Mr. Horace Twisse, formerly a member of the House, and now the writer of the daily summaries of the debates for "*The Times*" newspaper. To obtain a seat next to Horace Twisse in the Gallery, I was told, was heaven itself, when he was in a communicative humor.

Though but once in the House of Commons during my fortnight, I was several times in the vicinity of Palace Yard about the hour when the Houses met, on the chance of a glimpse of the parliamentary notabilities. I am not quite sure, but I rather think it was then that I had my first sight of the old Duke of Wellington. He was riding slowly along Parliament Street to the House of Lords, with a groom behind him at a little distance. He was dressed to the extreme of neatness, in a blue frock-coat and white trousers, with a hat of peculiarly narrow rim, to which every now and then he raised his right forefinger in a mechanical way, in acknowledgment of the salutations of reverence which he either saw, or knew to be going on, among the passers-by on the pavement on his left. Keeping alongside of him on that pavement for a hundred yards or so, with such a thrill in my veins as I have rarely felt at the first sight of any other man, I observed him closely. What struck me most was the bony spareness of his figure, with indications of feebleness in the joints, as if he might have difficulty in alighting from his horse, and the intense whiteness, the absolute bloodlessness, of his face. It was all bone, marble-white bone, without a tinge of color. The aquiline nose and strong jaw were just as all the world had known them to be from the portraits; but I observed that his

lower jaw hung heavily and somewhat tremulously, keeping his mouth a little open; but that seemed to be against his will, and every now and then it closed strongly with the upper, almost with a kind of snap, as if to bring his face into the younger and more firm expression which he preferred. No physiognomy that I have ever seen, aquiline-nosed or any other, has in the least resembled the Iron Duke's.⁵ Very different, at all events, was that of Sir Robert Peel, my first sight of whom was certainly in this visit of 1843, when he was fifty-five years of age, and in the third year of his second and most famous Premiership. My sight of him was purely accidental, but with some oddity of circumstance: Robertson and I were walking towards the Houses of Parliament, and had reached a crossing just beyond Whitehall, when a whisper from Robertson made me aware that a portly, fair-haired gentleman, with a smiling and somewhat cat-like expression, who was advancing towards us, on the arm of a friend, among several other pedestrians from the opposite side, was the Premier himself. The whisper came too late; for, what with the mixing of the two cross-tides of pedestrians, what with the intentness of my curiosity, I wavered a little. Sir Robert had perceived, I think, the inadvertence and its cause, and good-humoredly adjusted himself to the little difficulty. At all events, it was Sir Robert Peel that stepped aside, and not I. When he and his friend had passed, Robertson indulged in a long fit of hilarity over the incident; but I did not yet foresee all that he was to make of it. He was the London correspondent for several provincial newspapers; and, taking up one of these a week or so afterwards, when I had returned north, I found a para-

graph in it magnifying the adventure most mischievously. It described the first wanderings of an anonymous young innocent in the streets of London, who, in his anxiety to improve his opportunities of meeting eminent personages, had almost come into personal collision with the Prime Minister of his country. I could guess at once who was the author of this concoction, and learnt also to what devices a London correspondent may descend when he is composing his weekly letter, and has actually nothing to put into it.

What one shall remember, and what one shall forget, out of the incidents of a fortnight of one's life, is a most capricious mystery. Why, having forgotten so many things of that fortnight, should I remember so distinctly an evening in the coffee-room of the Tavistock Hotel, in Covent Garden? Dr. Clark was staying at the Tavistock, then a very popular hotel. Bain and I went one evening to sup with him there, and it was the first London hotel I became acquainted with. We sat, we three, at one of the little tables in the long coffee-room, supping and chatting, while most of the other tables in the room were occupied by other parties, similarly engaged. Up and down among them, in the middle passage between the two sets of tables, an elderly gentleman was walking, who seemed to take a benevolent interest in all the supping groups, and to show it by his now and then directing the waiters to any table where their services were wanted. He looked like a superannuated Indian official, or retired merchant, and was, we were told, a bachelor gentleman of property, who had made the Tavistock his home for ever so many years, so that several generations of waiters had come and gone in his time, and the present generation of the hotel regarded him with the deference due to the oldest resident. There was a novelty to me in

⁵ There are two almost identical versions of this passage in MS. One of them my father sent as a contribution to the Edinburgh University Magazine, "The Student," a year or two ago. — F.M.

the conception of such permanent domestication in a hotel, to be closed perhaps by death in it, and funeral from it; and I looked at the kindly peripatetic with interest accordingly. Not till more than thirty years afterwards was I again in the coffee-room of the Tavistock. It seemed hardly changed in the long interval, and I recognized the very table at which Bain and I had sat with Clark; but, though the tables were all full as they had been then, the guests were wholly a new company, and the old gentleman was no longer walking up and down. Clark himself had been long dead; and I thought of his massive form, so familiar to me once, and those energies and forces of his great brain, which had been baulked by a certain indolence, by ill-health, and a too early death.

From this first visit to London in the summer of 1843, I date two of the most memorable friendships it has been my privilege to form. It was then that, going with Bain one afternoon to Leadenhall Street, I was introduced to John Stuart Mill in his room in the Old India House; and one evening, during this fortnight also, I was taken by Robertson to see Mill at his mother's house in Kensington Square, where he and others of the family were then living. Robertson was still on very friendly terms with Mill, though their business connection had ceased in 1840. Robertson's presence had always a stimulating effect upon Mill, and the conversation between them that evening was especially animated and interesting. One lively phrase of Mill's I particularly remember, because of its autobiographical significance. I am sure of the phrase, though I have but a dim recollection of the occasion of it, or the context. The talk had turned, I think, on Jeremy Bentham and his influence, with some question whether there could then be a muster in London of

Bentham's remaining disciples in sufficient number, and of sufficient mark, to attest the permanence of his influence. One or two persons had, I think, been mentioned by Robertson as likely to be conspicuous in such a muster, when Mill smilingly struck in: "And I am Peter, who denied his Master." Though smilingly uttered, it was not all a jest.

It was during this fortnight's visit, also, that Robertson took me one afternoon to Chelsea for a call at 5 Cheyne Row. To his disappointment and my own, Carlyle happened not then to be in town, but away on some country ramble. Mr. Froude's Biography reminds me that he must have been on that trip to South Wales, and stay with his friend Mr. Redwood of Llandough, with which he refreshed himself in July 1843, a month or two after the publication of his "Past and Present." But, though it was a disappointment to me not to see the great man himself, we had the pleasure of a most kind reception by Mrs. Carlyle, and of a talk with her alone, for more than an hour, in the little upstairs drawing-room. Her conversation, which was more free and abundant than it probably would have been had Carlyle been there, impressed me greatly. She had, as I found then, and as is proved by some of her now published Letters, a real liking for Robertson, though apt to make fun of him when opportunity offered; and Robertson's energetic ways had always an inspiriting effect on people he was with, drawing them out admirably, and starting topics. At all events, I shall never forget the first impression made upon me by the appearance of this remarkable lady, as she sat, or rather reclined, in a corner of the sofa, talking to the burly Robertson, herself so fragile in form, with a delicately cut and rather pained face of dun-pale hue, very dark hair, smoothed on both sides of an unusually

broad forehead, and large, soft, and lustrous eyes of a gypsy black. Something in her face and expression, then and afterwards, would occasionally remind me of portraits I had seen of the young Voltaire; and the brilliance of her conversation, and even the style of it, bore out the resemblance. She was, indeed, one of the most brilliant of witty talkers, full of light *esprit*, and, though generally suppressing herself when her husband was present, quite as delightfully copious as he was, both in themes and words, when she had to be his substitute. Though her style and manner of thinking had undoubtedly been influenced by him, an aboriginal difference had been preserved. Her most characteristic vein was the satirical; within this, the form to which she tended most was the satirical narrative; and the narratives in which she most excelled were stories of things that had recently happened to herself, or within the circle of her acquaintance. There may have been several such in the course of the hour or more during which we sat with her; but I remember one only. It was about an adventure she had had with a builder or surveyor in the neighborhood. Cheyne Row consisted, and still consists,* of but one row of inhabited houses, going off from the Thames at right angles, the opposite side of the quiet street exhibiting hardly anything in the shape of houses, but mainly a length of high brick wall. On this walled side, just opposite the windows of the houses, was a row of lime-trees, giving a pleasant, semi-rustic effect to the whole street. On account of some new building operations or projects, there had been a proposal to cut down the trees; and, as Carlyle's house was about the middle of the row, and he was renewing his lease of it for a longer term, his exasperation over this proposal seems to have been greater

than that of most of his neighbors. There had been, I think, remonstrance or negotiation on the subject already; but it had remained for Mrs. Carlyle to take decisive action. Seeing the principal in the affair, or his official, standing one morning beside one of the trees, with a workman or two about him, as if the fell moment had come, she had gone over to him, as she informed us, and, after some fresh remonstrance, had calmly informed him that if he did not desist, or if she saw him there again, she would fetch a pistol and shoot him on the spot. The man seemed frightened, she said, and the trees were saved. That something of the sort happened, I have no doubt, but I have as little doubt that the reality was considerably improved in the telling. She could make a picturesque and witty story out of anything whatever. This I had seen amply proved before we took our leave. Robertson had been the chief colloquist during our call, but Mrs. Carlyle had been very kindly to me. I had been introduced to her as a young Scottish editor up in London for a holiday; and I had reason afterwards to know that she had looked at me with some attention, and been interested in the fact that there could be a newspaper editor of such extreme juvenility.⁷

It was again in Robertson's company that, not long after my second arrival in London in 1844, I paid my second visit to 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and this time I was fortunate in seeing Carlyle himself at last. It was in the evening. We found Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle together in the drawing-room without any other company,—Mrs. Carlyle seated on the sofa, much as we had left her some months before, with some sewing-work in her hands, and Carlyle at a small side-table by the

⁷ Mrs. Carlyle's own account of this visit is given in her letter to Carlyle published in "*New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*," vol. I. p. 124.

* Written about 1885.

wall opposite the windows, engaged for the moment in writing a letter. He rose on our entry, received us very courteously, and bade us sit down, and he would soon finish what he was about. I had therefore but barely observed his tall lean figure as he rose in his brownish dressing-gown,—taller than I had expected,—when he was again at the side-table, penning his letter, with his back to us, as we talked about this and that with Mrs. Carlyle. About ten minutes must have passed, he silently scribbling all the while with his back to us and our talk, when a question from Mrs. Carlyle brought us the first words from his voice that I now distinctly recollect. Robertson had been saying something to Mrs. Carlyle about the Plymouth Brethren, and had asked her, as she seemed to know more about them than he did, to what extent they were Christians in their tenets. "Do they believe in Jesus Christ?" was his mode of framing the question. "Carlyle, do the Plymouth Brethren believe in Jesus Christ?" she called out, referring the question to her husband as a better authority than herself. "O, like winkin'!" was his immediate reply, without turning round. Strange that I should recollect chiefly this, and our laugh over it, out of all that passed in that first meeting of mine with Carlyle. For, his letter done, he turned round and joined in the conversation, rapidly took the lead in it, as was his wont, and entertained us most agreeably with quite a miscellany of things in his characteristic style, laughter still predominant, the robust Robertson apparently suiting him very well as a listener, and serving excellently as a stimulus. More vivid in my memory now than the matter of the talk is the impression made on me by Carlyle's powerful head and face; the hair then dark and thick, without a sign of grizzle, the complexion a strong billous-ruddy, the brow over-

hanging and cliff-like, the eyes deep-sunk and aggressive, and the firm mouth and chin then closely shaven. All in all, with his lean, erect figure, then over five feet eleven inches in height, and the peculiar billous-ruddy of his face, he was, apart from the fire of genius in his eyes and flowing through his talk, not unlike some Scottish farmer or other rustic of unusually strong and wiry constitution, living much in the open air. His Annandale accent contributed to this resemblance. His vocabulary and grammar were of the purest and most stately English; and the Scotticism, which was very marked, was wholly in the pronunciation and intonation. Like Scotsmen generally, from whatever district of Scotland, he enunciated each syllable of every word with a deliberation and emphasis unusual with English speakers, giving each, as it were, a good bite before letting it go. The West Border intonation was intensified, in his case, by a peculiarity which was either wholly his own, or a special characteristic of the Carlyles of Ecclefechan. He spoke always with a distinct lyrical chaunt;—not the monotonous and whining sing-song, mainly of pulpit origin, one hears occasionally among Scotsmen, and which is suggestive too often of hypocrisy and a desire to cheat you, but a bold and varying chaunt, as of a man not ashamed to let his voice rise and fall, and obey by instinctive modulation every flexure of his meaning and feeling. Mrs. Carlyle had caught something of this lyrical chaunt, by sympathy and companionship; and the slighter Scotticism of her voice was distinguished also by a pleasant habit of lyrical rise and cadence.

From that evening, early in 1844, I was to know Carlyle well, and increasingly well. When we took our leave, somewhere after ten o'clock, he accompanied us to the door, and was pleased to say something to the effect

that he hoped to see me again as often as I could make it convenient. There could have been no motive for this but the sheerest natural kindness,—the kindness of a veteran man of letters to a youngster of his own nation who did not appear immodest, but had committed himself to the somewhat desperate attempt of a literary life in London, without resources and without definite prospects. Long afterwards, when Mrs. Carlyle was dead, he told me that she had taken to me very affectionately from the first, and that he had never forgotten that fact. Indeed, it must have been only in my second or third visit to Cheyne Row, after that first one in which I saw them both together, that Mrs. Carlyle confided to me that Carlyle and she had talked to

Blackwood's Magazine.

each other with some alarm as to what might become of me in London, with only Robertson for my mentor.

There was little fear on this head. The young Telemachus was pretty tough and self-willed in a quiet way, and not apt to be led against his own inclination by any mentor. Robertson and I remained good friends for some years beyond my present date, and I continued to see a good deal of him till he vanished from the London scene altogether. But when Mrs. Carlyle spoke to me I was beginning already to take my own walks and make my own acquaintanceships. The acquaintanceship begun at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was naturally one which, without being obtrusive, I did not cease to cultivate.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER IX.

OUT INTO THE WORLD

The die was cast, and Janie, very miserable and extremely rebellious in mind, was meekly following Arbuthnot through unknown perils in the dark. They were roped together, and his hand was always ready to help her round a difficult corner, or to guide her feet to the right spot in a steep descent, but she was much too angry to talk to him. Whatever difficulties presented themselves, she set her teeth and obeyed her guide implicitly, too proud to show fear or shrinking to the man who had conspired with Burree to make her do what she was determined not to do. It was the first time in her conscious recollection that such an outrage had been offered her—to be forced to yield without being allowed time to arrange her feelings and bring herself to a more or less willing compliance—

and it made it all the worse that her attitude had been unquestionably high and heroic. Eleanor she could forgive—presently, but Arbuthnot's conduct was unpardonable. He pretended that nothing was wrong, giving his directions curtly, and making no attempt at apology, as if the difficulties of the path were the only things of any importance. He betrayed so little excitement, even at the most alarming points, that Janie was lulled into believing that their way was much less dangerous than it really was, but she could not withhold a grudging admiration from the absolute certainty with which he seemed to find his way in the dark. Moreover, though burdened with her hold-all, strapped on his back like a knapsack, and a water-bottle and a bag of food at his side, he was able to climb up and down the most hopeless places with the help of a bamboo a good deal taller than himself, with a

hook at one end and a spike at the other, and foot-rests contrived at intervals in its length, which served alternately as an alpenstock, a hand-rail, and a ladder.

The storm still held off, though the thunder had been rolling among the mountains all night, and when the cloudy skies were pierced by sufficient light to make the surrounding objects gray instead of black, Arbuthnot paused upon a ledge rather wider than usual, and found Janie a seat on a large stone. She realized afterwards that she had sat with her back to the valley, and to the way they were going.

"How do you feel?" he asked. "Quite done?"

Pride stimulated Janie to answer airily, "Oh dear, no; I could go a good deal farther," and reaped its fit reward when Arbuthnot took her promptly at her word.

"I'm awfully glad of that," he said. "If you were quite tired out, I know of a hollow in the hill above here which would just shelter us, but it's not a good place really, and we might get flooded out if there's much rain. But if you can hold on for two hours more, we could get to a cave that might have been made for a hiding-place, where we should be perfectly safe both from rain and from anybody that might be looking for us. Think you can manage it?"

The tears were very near Janie's eyes, but she could not in honor recede from her position, and she nodded. He brought some native bread and dried apricots out of his bag.

"Just a little now, to help you along," he said. "When we get to the cave, we'll have supper, or breakfast or whatever you like to call it. Have you a handkerchief?"

"Yes," answered Janie, in astonishment.

"Because I should prefer to blindfold

you over this part of the way. It's not very nice looking down."

"But how can I walk if I can't see?"

He laughed. "How have you been walking all night? Do you know, I shouldn't care to show you by daylight some of the places you passed quite happily. I don't think I would even have brought you if it had been moonlight. But if you trusted me to get you through in the dark, do you think I shall be less careful in the light?"

"If I was very careful not to look down?" said Janie tremulously; "If I did exactly as you told me? It isn't that I don't trust you, but it's such a horrid idea——"

He pointed up the cliff. "It's either that makeshift shelter for the day, or going on blindfolded," he said; and Janie took out her handkerchief and gave it to him, knowing as she did so that if he tied it there would be no possibility of the bandage's slipping, or of her seeing over or under it. She had a miserable feeling of helplessness when they started again, and she devised a refined form of torture for herself by trying to determine from Arbuthnot's tone when the worst bits of road were at hand. Otherwise their progress was much as before—sometimes climbing up, sometimes sliding down, sometimes crawling along ledges or rounding impossible corners. The air became very oppressive as the storm grew nearer, and Janie, though she had nothing to carry, found her cloak intolerably heavy. She was wearing the hood over her head, instead of a hat, so that any one seeing her casually from a distance, or in the dusk, might take her for a native woman, and she durst not drop it, even when her hands were free to unfasten it. Presently she was glad to wrap it round her again, for heavy drops began to fall, and their last climb, which seemed to her to be up a perpendicular

cliff, was in the face of pelting rain, while the thunder sounded close overhead. Arbuthnot hurried her across a kind of platform of rock, then under a shelter of some sort, for the rain seemed to have ceased to fall, though she could hear it outside, and made her sit down on a piece of rock, while he took the bandage from her eyes.

"You have done well!" he said, and Janie glowed with pride at the commendation, so low had fatigue and alarm brought her. "I never should have thought a woman could hold out as you have done. Now let me wrap the rug round you while we have something to eat. I wish I dared make a fire to get you some tea, but you can never tell that there's not a goatherd or some one on the watch across the valley."

He had some cold meat in his bag, as well as the fruit and *chapatis*, and Janie submitted to have her share made into rough sandwiches, which she was almost too tired to eat. It did not escape her that as Arbuthnot worked and talked, his eyes were perpetually searching the depths of the cave, and at last, rather frightened, she asked him what he was looking for.

"I was trying to make out whether Brooke and his party had been here," he answered at once; "and I should say it's pretty clear they haven't. That means that they spent their first day in the hollow I told you of, which must have been fairly close quarters for so many, and passed this place, without stopping, on the second night. It shows, as I hoped, that we are travelling faster than they are. You can imagine that when you have to get thirty fellows over the various bad places we have passed, it takes longer than with only two. And I'll offer you this handsome testimonial, Miss Wright. I'd rather guide you than Cholmeley-Smith, any day."

"Poor Mr. Brooke!" said Janie.

"Then when do you think we shall overtake them?"

"If the storm stops in time for us to go on to-night, and if you can keep up the pace, I should say we ought to come upon them before morning. I tell you why I expect it. Of course the crux of our journey is the crossing of the road. We have to keep along it for a mile or two, because there is absolutely no other path whatever—so far as I have been able to discover—for that distance. After that we get on to our goat-tracks again, but on the opposite side of the road. Well, you know it's very seldom that the road is absolutely clear, especially just now, when they are patrolling it for our special benefit. Brooke and his lot were to lie up in a cave something like this until the proper moment came to get across. I calculate that it's about as certain as anything can be that they must waste one night in that way, and if we have anything like luck, they will waste two. They had two nights' start of us, but if we do the same distance in a night and a half, we ought to come on them in that cave well before dawn to-morrow. Then, when we go on, we'll rig up some sort of contrivance to carry you in, so that you won't have so much walking to do."

In her own mind Janie thought that she would prefer to trust to her own feet, if the paths farther on were anything like these, but she expressed suitable gratitude as well as overpowering drowsiness would allow her. Arbuthnot jumped up suddenly.

"You're tired to death," he said. "Let me take your rug and things into the back of the cave. Have you ever slept on the ground before? Just listen to the rain! I must say I'm glad we didn't decide on that very inferior cave two hours ago. But you'll hardly even hear the thunder in here, and this projecting rock will quite prevent your seeing the lightning." He struck a

match, and went round the inner cave with it, that she might see there was no fear of snakes, then arranged her rug and hold-all for a bed behind the sheltering rock. "Now is there anything else I can do?"

"No, thank you. Thank you so much." But Arbuthnot had scarcely returned to the outer cave, where he was unrolling his *choga*, which he had carried with the rug, when Janie appeared again, apparently wide awake. "Oh, can we go back?" she cried.

He glanced out at the pouring rain. "How far?" he asked. "Have you dropped something?"

"Back to St. Martin's."

"Certainly not," was the decisive answer. "Look here. I think you had better get to bed."

"But you don't know what a dreadful thing I have done!" cried Janie. "There was a sick woman brought in by the Rajah's police yesterday—no, the day before—they picked her up by the roadside. It seemed like pneumonia, but we couldn't be sure, and if the isolation ward had been available we should have put her there. As it was, she had to be in the large ward, and yesterday afternoon it seemed to me that she looked very like smallpox. I was just going to call Burree to come and look at her, and then all this happened, and I never remembered her again till now. And she will infect all the other patients, and perhaps some of them will die, and the hospital will get a bad name, and Burree will be worked to death—" She broke down hopelessly, and could scarcely bring out, "Oh, please let us go back at once."

"Impossible," said Arbuthnot. "In any case, the mischief is done now. All your nurses and people are vaccinated, of course? Then what good could you do by going back? Trust Miss Weston to find out what's the matter when she sees the patient. And it strikes me that you and Miss Weston

too may be very thankful if it is smallpox. She might have got into trouble about your escaping, but the Scythians will think twice before they will either take her from an infected house or leave the disease to spread without her to cope with it. So go to sleep quietly, and make up your mind that it's all for the best."

Utterly crushed, Janie obeyed—outwardly, for she was inwardly persuaded that she should never sleep again. But extreme fatigue was victorious over not only remorse but a rocky couch and the warfare of the elements, and she slept until it was once more dark, and Arbuthnot's voice called to her.

"Oh, is it time? Ought we to be starting?" she asked, looking out hastily.

"No, unfortunately. I thought you ought to have something to eat, but after that you can go to sleep again. Listen! the rain is as bad as ever."

"But we shall waste a night," said Janie in consternation, after listening to the pitiless downpour.

"Of course, but then so will Brooke and his lot. They can't get on any more than we can, and the pursuit will have to be dropped too, so it's not as bad as it might have been. This is the last of the meat, I'm sorry to say. We shall have to keep body and soul together on *chapati* and apricots after this, till we come up with the rest."

Janie wondered how much *chapati* there was left, but she knew better than to ask inconvenient questions, and contented herself with seeing that Arbuthnot took his proper share of the food, which was divided by the light of a candle-end set well in the shelter of the rock. Of water, at any rate, there was no lack, for a small torrent was rushing across the platform outside the cave.

"I'm afraid this rain will mean floods in Bala—and just at harvest-time," said Janie.

"The worst thing for us will be if it washes away the road," said Arbuthnot. "A certain amount would have been useful, to prevent our being traced, but I don't like its going on so long."

"But could we be traced, in any case?"

"Hardly, unless there was a traitor in your camp. By the bye, how was it that you didn't remember that small-pox woman when you went round the wards last night? I thought you always made a final inspection last thing, and you were to do just as usual. Of course, if you didn't——"

"Oh, but it was because something dreadful happened," said Janie, her face clouding. "Burree and I were packing my things when Vashti came rushing in, and threw a handful of rupees on the floor, and cried out, 'Miss Sahib, I am Judas, and this is the price of blood.' We couldn't get her to tell us what had happened for quite a long time, but at last we made out that Prince Pavel had left the money with Abdul Husain for her, saying that it was in discharge of a debt. It seems that he thought it was she who was seen on the cliff on Saturday, and in trying to make her admit it he frightened her so much that she confessed it was me."

Arbuthnot extinguished the candle-end carefully. "I thought as much," he said. "They went to the point with such deadly precision that it could scarcely be all bluff. But I hope Miss Weston restrained her indignation so far as not to fire the girl out that night."

"Fire her out?" said Janie. "Why, it was talking to her and trying to comfort her that made us so late. Burree said they would go round the wards when I was gone."

"You don't mean to say that the girl will be kept on?"

"Of course. You don't know how miserable she was. Burree thinks, and I think—the addition was so unnecessary that Arbuthnot smothered a laugh—"that this trouble was just what Vashti needed. She had got rather proud and self-confident because she was so far above the others, and this fall may show her her own weakness. She might make it a stepping-stone to higher things, you see."

Arbuthnot considered the mixture of metaphors gravely. "I'm sure it is very heroic and forgiving of you both, and I hope the young person with the Biblical name will act accordingly," he said at last. "And what became of the reward of unrighteousness? I hope most fervently," as Janie hesitated rather guiltily, "that Miss Weston is not intending to throw it in Prince Pavel's face, or do anything else dramatic and foolish?"

"Oh no," said Janie, finding, apparently, some difficulty in answering. "The fact is—well, you know, we haven't had our salaries or the hospital money this month, and we have to pay the people and feed them just as usual. And food is much more expensive now than it generally is, because the cook can't go to the bazar, and we have to buy just what the people choose to bring to the door."

"You mean you are actually short of money?"

"We often are, in ordinary times, but now we are very nearly destitute. Burree has had to give the people *chits* and a food allowance instead of their wages; and good Miss D'Costa brought out a little hoard she had saved up and insisted on lending it, but that was nearly gone. Vashti's rupees will keep us for a week."

"Well, this is one of the funniest ways of disposing of a bribe that I ever heard of. But is there no one in Bala

who would advance you anything?"

"Poor Dr. Weaver is our secretary, of course; but even if we were allowed to communicate with him, how could he send us any money? And we have nothing valuable enough to sell—except surgical instruments, and who would want to buy them?"

"I wish to goodness Miss Weston had spoken to me. I could have gone to Sheonath, and got her an advance on a note of hand or bill of some sort."

"But who would have lent us anything?"

"Why, the soucars, of course—for a consideration."

"But they would think we should never be able to pay."

"Not they. They would be very glad to hedge, having put a considerable amount on the Scythians. You see, Miss Weston and you are quite convinced we shall win—aren't you?—and the soucars have a horrible fear that we may, so they would be quite ready to do business at treble the ordinary rates."

"I wish we had known!" sighed Janie. "But perhaps I shall be able to send Burree some money from Gajnipur."

"Why, how do you expect to get any?"

"I have brought a cheque," explained Janie with pride, "for the amount of her month's salary and mine. I shall send it all to her by the first possible opportunity, and get something to do to support myself. Nurses are sure to be wanted."

"You seem to have planned it out most carefully," said Arbuthnot. "Certainly nurses and doctors will be in greater demand than any other Europeans—except soldiers, I'm afraid. But how do you expect to get your money up to Bala?"

Janie hesitated again. "Well, you see," she said, "I couldn't help thinking that as you were so anxious to

keep your path a secret, you must mean to use it again."

"And so could act as your messenger? Quite so; but I don't mind telling you that what I hope to use that path for is to guide a British force along it when the time comes for clearing things up, to take the Scythians in Bala in the rear, and cut them off from Bala-tarin. But," hearing her gasp of disappointment, "don't be afraid. It's quite likely that I may have to go up again before that, in a different disguise, and then I'll do my best to re-victual the fortress. But now, what do you think of getting some more rest, in case the rain stops before morning, and I see any chance of getting as far as Brooke's cave?"

"It seems so lazy to sleep all day and all night," lamented Janie, and ended her protest with an irrepressible yawn.

"Scarcely, when you had no rest last night, and very hard walking. You may be sure I'll call you if there's any hope of going on."

But the rain continued pitilessly all night, and when, in the small hours, Janie was rudely awakened, it was not by Arbuthnot's voice. A dull distant rumbling filled the air, and the ground seemed to rock.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, terrified. "Did you hear it? Could it be guns—or an earthquake?"

"A landslip farther along the valley, I should say," replied Arbuthnot's voice from the doorway of the outer cave. "There's nothing to be seen from here. Don't be frightened. There are no overhanging rocks just near this place."

It was easy to say, "Don't be frightened," but less easy to accept the advice. For the first time Janie became conscious of the extreme hardness of her rocky couch, as she tried in vain to sleep, or woke from a momentary doze with a start of terror. Happily, no

further shocks followed, and she fell at last into a troubled sleep which lasted till morning. The rain was still pouring down when she joined Arbuthnot in the outer cave, and she noticed that the proportion of fruit in the morning meal was larger, and that of bread smaller, than heretofore.

"Let us go on without minding the weather," she said courageously, when they had finished.

"I shall very likely go out and scout a bit, but I can't take you. Ladies have a perfect genius for getting drenched. It's their clothes, I suppose."

"I don't mind getting wet," indignantly.

"Oh, quite so; but if you will just imagine what a predicament I should be in if you got fever in our present circumstances, you'll see that it wouldn't do. Shall you mind being left alone?"

"Oh, not at all. I have some work," and a half-knitted jersey for Karmal Sahib made its appearance from the depths of the hold-all. Janie can hardly have intended it, but her tone expressed beyond all possibility of doubt the superiority of busy woman over idle man. She set to work with intense industry, and Arbuthnot, sitting hugging his knees in native fashion, watched her with half-shut eyes. He did not remember seeing her without a cap before, and he found himself thinking that it was a shame for girls whose hair had little curls in it to wear caps, however smart and businesslike and awe-inspiring they might look in them. Presently she looked up sharply, but he was not to be taken by surprise.

"I know I'm a worm," he said humbly. "I do feel it, I assure you. I should never have dreamt of bringing crochet, or any sort of sewing, on a journey like this. You and Miss Weston have the power, more than any

women I ever met, of making one feel one has no business to be alive. I suppose it's good for one, or you wouldn't do it. There can be no other earthly reason why you should try to blind yourself by working in this twilight."

"I can knit with my eyes shut," said Janie frigidly.

"Oh, my goodness!" groaned Arbuthnot, and after a moment he rose and looked out into the rain. "Well, I think I'll go," he said. "At any rate, no one else will be about, and perhaps I can get to Brooke."

Pride kept Janie silent until he was actually lowering his climbing-pole over the edge of the platform. Then, much against her will, the words broke from her, "But what—what am I to do if—if you don't come back?"

"I really haven't the faintest idea," said Arbuthnot cheerfully. Then he relented. "I have every intention of coming back, and not leaving you marooned on the face of the cliff. As a guarantee of good faith, you may notice, I have left you all the food. If by any chance I should not come back, hold out here as long as you can, and I will bring or send help to you somehow."

And he departed, leaving Janie to a very long and lonely day. Her conscience told her that she had been ungrateful, and was not behaving as Burree would have expected of her, and her only bright moment was when, after hours of unremitting toil, she came to the end of her wool. She had not been so provident, after all, as she had wished Arbuthnot to think. Then, with a mischievous smile, she drew out the pins, and deliberately unravelled the jersey almost to the beginning.

"I can't lose that excellent moral effect," she said to herself, as she wound the wool into a ball again.

It struck her that the rain was growing a little less heavy towards evening,

and Arbuthnot confirmed the supposition when he came in, tired, drenched and plastered with mud. He eyed the untempting food greedily.

"I'm afraid you have waited tea for me—so to speak," he said, wrapping himself in his *choga*. "If you don't mind, I'll eat before talking. It's been a long day."

Janie acquiesced at once, and sat down opposite him. She was almost as hungry as he was, for she had had no heart to eat earlier, and had also found that it is possible to tire of the simple life, as represented by a bread and fruit diet. Neither of them felt any inclination to quarrel with the fare now, but when Janie would have drawn the bag towards her to get out a fresh supply for him, Arbuthnot stopped her with a motion of his hand.

"It's a policy of economy and retrenchment now," he said.

"Why? Didn't you find Mr. Brooke?"

"He and the rest left the cave the

night before last—the night we started from St. Martin's. I had told Brooke to leave a message for me, and there it was. I should have said it was practically impossible for them to find the road clear the first night they tried it, but that was their luck. Jolly bad luck for us!" he added.

"Then they crossed the road two nights ago? But they must have been stopped by the storm since, and you say we travel faster than they do, and you know the way? It only means that we shall catch them up in two nights, instead of in one, if the road is clear."

"The road doesn't exist," said Arbuthnot.

"What? Oh, that earthquake?"

"It was a landslide, as I thought. The road is gone for several miles beyond Brooke's cave. We may hope that they had plenty of time to get across, but we are cut off."

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

OSMAN DIGNA.

Ten years have passed since Mahdism came to its end. Its death was greater than its life. Who has forgotten even now the story of its euthanasia? Defeated, abandoned, and pursued, the Khalifa, with his Emirs round him, turned to confront their hunters, knelt on their praying-mats in the desert, and waited, praising the greatness of God, their faces to Mecca and the enemy, while the bullets mowed them down.

I saw the scene rehearsed the other day by one who had survived the act of faith. An old man now, with white beard sharply outlined against an almost ebony skin, his fine features and lithe, tall form told of his Arab descent. The fragment of an arm hung at his side, to remind him of that tre-

mendous moment. He told his tale with the smile of a child, and the brevity of a soldier. "There were the English, and here were we, with the Khalifa in our midst. We got down from our camels. He gave the word and led our prayers"—and here the old man fell on his knees and prostrated himself before Allah, and the shower of lead which his old ears still heard around him. "They were all killed, and I was wounded."

"And why," I asked, "did you do it?"

"It was the hour of prayer."

The answer, I think, was finer than the deed. It robbed it of the color of the theatre in which history has painted it. Those Arab chieftains were not posing before heaven and the enemy. They had no thought of mak-

ing a superb end. The hour of prayer had come, and they knelt as habit and ritual prescribed. They had knelt before in rain-storms and dust-storms. They knelt as simply amid the infidel bullets.

It was in a prison that I heard the tale. A sentry stood at the door with fixed bayonet, and the gaoler listened at my side with a tolerant smile. The British public consigned the Khalifa and his Emirs to the temple of fame. The Egyptian War Office buried the survivors in the prison of Damietta. Gaunt and forbidding, it stands beside a hospital and a court-house in a bleak enclosure beside the Nile. There is in all Egypt no damper or colder place than this decaying sea-port among the swamps. One prisoner had died—"of the damp," his brother said. Another, who used to sit all day beside a brazier, has been transferred to a prison in the South. Seven remain, counting the years of their exile, and hoping faintly for release.

One by one I visited their rooms. Each room housed a family which boasts its princely rank. The stone floor was neatly sanded, the bare walls irreproachably whitewashed. Each room had its little truckle beds, and its platform on which the prisoner's wife sat cross-legged with her babies round her. Every morning the children of captivity sally out to the freedom of school, and their parents watch behind the bayonet of the sentinel for their return. A paternal Government is teaching scientific agriculture to the boys, and some have already received posts in the Soudan. The parents count the uneventful years. The routine of the prison is rarely broken. Sometimes, they told me, they are allowed to sun themselves in the doorway. From three in the afternoon till sundown they may walk in the courtyard. Occasionally, at Bairam, a relative is allowed by special permission of the War

Office to visit their prison. They do not smoke; they play no games, rigid Puritans that they are. Reading is not for them in the category of pleasures. I asked if they had any pastimes. They answered gravely and without affectation, "We say our prayers."

Who are they, these untried prisoners, who are expiating an indefinite sentence, soldiers to whom no parole has been offered? Six belong to the Baggara tribe; two are cousins of the Khalifa; one is the son of his designated successor. Two are now old men, beyond the age when men dream of raids and revolts. Four were mere lads when the prison doors closed upon them. They have ripened and married and bred children in captivity. One of the four was a boy of twelve when first he was captured; the other three ranged from fifteen to twenty. They are prisoners, not for any part which they can have played in the bloody past, but simply because they reckon their descent from the Mahdi's Emirs. The memory of the angry past is already faint in their minds, and no spiritual exaltation sustains them. They stood together in the corridor as I took leave of them, a file of broken and submissive men. In a sort of chorus they solemnly renounced all faith in the Mahdi. Latterly, indeed, they told me, even in the days of Khalifa, they had ceased to believe that he was a Prophet. They had followed the Khalifa simply as kinsmen and loyal clansmen. For the rest, as they put it, "Has not the Soudan become even as Egypt, and is not the English Government our father?" Recollecting a certain answer to a question in the House of Commons, I enquired if they did not dread the vengeance of their private enemies, for that, I believe, is now the pretext for their imprisonment. No, they answered; their relatives in the Soudan are safe; why should they fear?

There was yet a seventh prisoner, the most famous of them all—Osman Digna. We paused at his door, and the gaoler, peering cautiously through the peep-hole, bade us wait, for the old man was at prayer. He rose at length—a tall, gaunt figure, stately in his white robe and simple turban. Courteous, yet taciturn, he answered my questions curtly and with indifferent negatives. He was well and vigorous. He complained of nothing. He asked for nothing, not even liberty. I began to despair of gaining his confidence. Neither wife nor child shared his captivity. A single book, carefully folded in a threadbare linen cover, gave the only clue to his occupations. "He eats," whispered the gaoler, "only once a day, and does not mix with the other prisoners." He was talking now more rapidly to my interpreter, and his hoarse, guttural voice betrayed a note of excitement. A series of unintelligible questions reached me, one after the other. "What Government was it which held him prisoner?" "What is the place you call a prison?" "He has something to say," whispered the interpreter; "let him talk."

"In the years before the Mahdi arose," the hoarse, eager voice was saying, "the world walked in ignorance and darkness. It had forgotten God, and nowhere was the Law obeyed. The Book was forgotten, and even the Sultan ruled by man-made laws. Are not the Laws by which men should walk set forth in the Koran? Yet the Sultan had made laws of his own invention for the government of the earth. Then God spoke to the Mahdi, and he arose, the Prophet whose coming is foretold in the Book. The Mahdi summoned the Sultan to obedience, saying, 'Arise, and repent, and rule by the Law of the Book.' If the Sultan had obeyed, the Mahdi would have retired, and spent the rest of his life in prayer. But the Sultan would

not hear, neither would the Egyptians transmit the message.

"Now, when God saw the disobedience of the Sultan, and that he ruled by man-made laws, and would not hearken to the voice of the Mahdi, His Prophet, he sent a scourge to punish the Turks and the Egyptians. That scourge was the English. They have taken Egypt. It is the Lord's judgment on Sultan Abdul Hamid."

Here the old man paused. Rising to his full height, he spoke again, his voice clear and authoritative at last. "Know, too," he went on, "that I also am a Prophet, the interpreter of God, even as you are the interpreter of this Englishman." He clutched his throat. "The voice is mine, but the words I speak are the words which God has given me. To me, Osman Digna, is given a message. I am a Prophet, even as Mahomet was a Prophet. My commission from God came to me from the hands of the Mahdi. I went to him at Kordofan, where he was with the Khalifa, when I heard that the English were coming from India, and the Mahdi made me his equal. He gave me a letter, and sealed it with his seal, and in the letter was written, 'Let him who obeys us, obey you, and let him who honors us, honor you also.' Thus he did that the prophecy might be fulfilled, and the Book obeyed. For it is written, 'We sent unto them two apostles, but they charged them with imposture. Wherefore we strengthened them with a third.' (Koran, Sura 36.) I am that third.

"Then it was that the Mahdi gave me this Book" (he snatched the old linen-covered Koran from his bed), "and bade me keep it, and rule by it, and restore its Law to the earth.

"I am a prisoner. But I hold the Book. To whom shall I transmit the Book which is the very Law of God?" (He held it in his sinuous brown fingers, as Moses might have held the

tablets when he came down from Sinai—a man of the same race, living in the same communion with God, untroubled by the march of the centuries and the decay of faith.) “To whom shall I transmit it? To the Sultan? To the Khedive? To the King of the English? Nay, but God has taken care of His Book. Am I not the prisoner of the English? Is not the Book in their care and charge?

“Hear, then, my message. God has chosen out the English, for he saw that they are the strongest. He has ordered the world to walk after the ordinances of His Book. He has placed His Book and His Prophet in the keeping of the English. The Lord has ordered the English to spread Islam, and to destroy its foes. The English are now the prophets of Islam. Hear the voice of God. It is written in the Book, ‘The Lord chose out Adam and Abraham.’ I say unto you, ‘The Lord has chosen the English.’ Are they not the first in war? Have they not captured the Book and imprisoned its Prophet? Let the Egyptians be humble before them”—he glowered at his gaoler—“they are Moslems only by the permission of the English. So is my mission ended. I have waited for this day. I have transmitted my message by your hand to the English people. I am happy, for my message is spoken.”

The old man was silent at last. The centuries had rolled backwards in his
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white-washed cell. I had seen Sinai and Mecca, and talked with a patriarch who was young with Moses, and contemporary with Mahomet. He had wrestled with facts and destiny, and woven from it a philosophy of history, as naïve and as cogent as Daniel’s. “In the beginning was the word.” “In the beginning was the fact.” Osman Digna is of Faust’s opinion. The English are his fact. He has found a place for us in his scheme of things.

We came rapidly down from Sinai. The gaoler was looking impatiently at his watch. The six dervishes were waiting anxiously at the door. They assured me that they regarded the pretensions of the Prophet with abhorrence. They believed, indeed, that he was mad. For two years he had been imprisoned in solitude. Then they were allowed to see him; but for twenty months he lay on his bed and spoke to no one. Then he began to talk of his message; the Government must not blame them.

Nine years of prison have done their work. The little men have grown servile. The great man is mad.

“I fought against him in the Sudan,” said the gaoler, as we left the prison. “He was a wonderful soldier—just like De Wet. Is De Wet also in prison?”

“No, Captain, De Wet is not in prison. De Wet is a Minister of the Crown.”

H. N. Brailsford.

AFGHANISTAN: THE BUFFER STATE.

Owing to the mutual jealousy of two European nations, whose ambitions and methods of realizing them are as wide as the Poles apart, there exists in the very heart of Asia a semi-independent state to which we have given

the name “Afghanistan.” Its divers peoples are bound together by no common tie save this jealousy on the part of powerful neighbors, which has herded some four million souls in a territory almost twice as large as the

British Isles under a common name and a common ruler. This state, with its congeries of uncivilized, ignorant, superstitious, and fanatical inhabitants, may be regarded as the pivot on which the peace and possibly the whole future of Southern Asia depends.

The late Amir—the title which Afghanistan gives to its potentate—once likened his kingdom to a lake on which floated a swan. On one bank there lay, watching and waiting, an old tigress; on the other was assembled a pack of greedy wolves. When the swan, by which presumably he symbolized himself, approached too near to one bank, the tigress clawed out some of his feathers. When he neared the opposite bank, the wolves tried to tear him in pieces. He resolved, therefore, to keep secure from either foe in the middle of the lake, which, he thanked God, was still deep, and in His mercy would never dry up. The wolves represented the Russians, whose Central Asian khanates march with the northern frontier of Afghan territory. The old tigress was the British power in India.

For its safety as an independent state we have made ourselves responsible. But the conditions in Central Asia have completely altered from those which obtained a quarter of a century ago, and the rôle of Afghanistan has correspondingly changed. That rôle is now one which is of considerable importance to the Empire as a whole, independent of party or creed; and it behooves us, therefore, to see that this state duly fulfils in the proper spirit the obligations imposed upon it.

It was in accordance with this purpose that a mission from the Indian Government was despatched from Peshawur on 17th November 1904, to discuss various outstanding questions with the Amir Habibullah Khan. That mission, after a five months' stay at Kabul, returned with an agreement

which has been published *in extenso*, and which involves mutual obligations. Since then Afghanistan and its ruler have figured prominently in the political arena, and under these circumstances a brief survey of the country and its peoples may be opportune.

It may be well to explain at the outset that Afghanistan, as we know it, is not the land exclusively of Afghans, nor do Afghans inhabit only that tract of country which bears their name. The term was originally applied, like the term "Afghan" itself, by foreigners, and applied erroneously; and it denotes the territory over which the Durani chief holds sway. In that territory the Afghans are neither the most ancient, nor the wealthiest, nor the most powerful section; but, owing to the common use of the term by Persian and Indian authorities, the Amir now styles himself King of the State of Afghanistan.

This state consists of a square, mountainous, irregular plateau, about two hundred and twenty thousand square miles in area, at an altitude varying in parts from three thousand to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Owing to its geographical and political situation, it is known as a "buffer state," being sandwiched between our Indian possessions and the Asiatic dominions of the Czar. Roughly speaking, it extends four hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and six hundred miles from west to east, with a narrow arm in the north-east corner which projects some three hundred miles farther east. It is intersected by ridges of great height and valleys of varying breadth, which render the greater part of the country valueless for agricultural purposes, difficult to traverse, and almost impossible to govern satisfactorily. Its climate, as may be gauged from its physical characteristics, is variable, with extremes of heat and cold very trying to those not inured to such variations. Many of its

valleys are as uninhabitable in the hot season, when the deadly simoon is prevalent, as are the mountainous districts during the winter months. For this reason the population outwith the few towns is largely nomadic, the pastoral section of it being necessarily so. To these natural disadvantages, and the enormous difficulties in the way of surmounting or circumventing them, it owes in great measure its continued existence as an independent kingdom.

Afghanistan is divided into five provinces or districts, each of which is ruled by a Governor, to whom the various tribal chiefs and *jirgahs* are responsible. These Governors are appointed by the Amir, and are removable by his sovereign will. The whole system of government is feudal, and only the iron hand of the Amirs, ruthlessly employed, has kept the heterogeneous elements composing the state in proper subjection. Internecine strife has been the chronic condition of the country from its earliest times, and the long and ceaseless struggle for mastery has frequently had far-reaching consequences both in Europe and Asia. North of the mountain belt and between it and the northern frontier is the province of Afghan Turkestan. Northeast of the Turkestan province is that of Badakshan, the ancient Bactria, long coveted by Russia and added to Afghanistan by Dost Mohammed in 1859.

The three remaining provinces are named from their principal towns—Herat, Kabul, and Kandahar, names familiar in history. Herat, on the extreme west, has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, and has long been designated "the key to India." Whether or not it merits that distinction is a matter of opinion, and conflicting views have been from time to time set forth by military and political strategists. Its importance has of recent years been considerably discounted by

our improved position in Baluchistan; but the possibilities attached to its possession have formed a bone of contention which has on more than one occasion involved us in a costly war with Persia, and on other occasions has brought us to the verge of a European conflagration. The fact remains that it lies at the mercy of Russia should she ever deem it advisable to move against it. The move would assuredly be a *casus belli*, as a direct menace to our interests in the Middle East, independent of our agreement with the Amir. The whole province is a fertile granary capable of supporting a considerable force, and the fortress of Herat commands the road which leads to Kandahar and Kabul, and thence to India. The Herat valley extends for two hundred miles, and is watered by the Hari Rud. The city, like other Afghan cities, is dominated by a citadel on a central eminence, and the town proper lies around the base between it and the external surrounding wall. In its present state resistance for any length of time to an army equipped with modern appliances would be futile. The inhabitants are Iranians, and quite alien to the Afghan rulers and to their Turkoman neighbors in the adjoining province on the north.

Kandahar is the southern province, and of most importance to this country. Its chief town is the largest in Afghanistan, though not the most populous, and is but seventy miles from our frontier station at Chaman, which is connected by one hundred and twenty-five miles of railway with our great fortress of Quetta. It has been occupied on more than one occasion by British troops, and at Maiwand, just beyond it, occurred one of the greatest disasters to the British arms when Burrow's Brigade was overwhelmed by the hordes of Ayub Khan, necessitating that brilliant march of General Roberts

from Kabul to Kandahar. The province is generally open country, but dry and parched, except in the valleys watered by the numerous streams which go to form the Helmund river. The caravan-track to Herat passes by Girishk and Farrah, the former fort being in the rich alluvial district of Zamindawar, noted as being the most fanatical centre and the home of Ghazidom. South of the irrigated region along the Helmund valley is open desert of sand and scrub. The distance from Herat to Kandahar as the crow flies is about two hundred and eighty miles; but the only route is the *khafia* track, which leads south from Herat to Farrah along the Persian frontier, and thence to Girishk, where it crosses the Helmund, the whole route extending to over three hundred and sixty miles.

From Kandahar north to Kabul there is an excellent road, and on this line prosperous Afghanistan may be said to lie. Here is the country of the Ghlizai tribes, the *powindahs* whose trading-caravans traverse the frontier passes and spread over the Punjab. On this route is the strong fortress of Kalat-i-Ghlizai and the famous city of Ghazni, once the capital of a mighty empire and the seat of two dynasties. It is situated on a tableland of the Paghman range, a branch of the Hindu Kush, and all that remains of its former glories are the ruins of its forts and the tomb of its greatest ruler. Near Ghazni is the Sher Dahan Pass, the only formidable part of the route.

Kabul, the capital of the remaining province and of the kingdom, and the seat of its sovereign and supreme Government, is about one hundred miles north of Ghazni and in almost the same latitude as Herat. The three cities, indeed, form the points of an isosceles triangle whose base is about four hundred miles and sides two hundred and eighty miles. Kabul is built on a plain

at an altitude of over seven thousand feet, and is a dirty, insanitary city, surrounded by high mountains, with the gorges of the Kabul river leading into fertile valleys beyond. It has also supplied its dark pages in our history, and has been occupied by our troops. It is approached from India by the Khyber Pass, the most famous of the defiles which connect Afghanistan with the Punjab. The province has several valleys noted for their fruits, and the available agricultural ground is extensively irrigated by canals. The whole of the Kabul basin is exceedingly fertile.

The boundary-lines of Afghanistan have undergone so many alterations and rectifications both north and south that the parable of the swan attributed to the late Amir Abdurrahman Khan is not without significance. Feathers have undoubtedly been freely abstracted; but the present boundaries as fixed by various Commissions and treaties were finally ratified by the Anglo-Russian Commission of 1885, after the Russian occupation of Merv; and during this demarcation the historical Panjdeh sensation occurred which brought us to the verge of a Russian war, but which nevertheless resulted in Russia obtaining all she had bargained for. Between the actual frontiers of India and Afghanistan from the Gumal to the Khyber are the tribal lands of the Waziris and of the Orakzais and Afridis of the Tirah, who still retain their independence.

Reference has already been made to the heterogeneous character of the inhabitants. The original Iranian stock is found in the Tajiks, who are closely allied to the Persians in language and habits, and are hence known as Parsiwans. They are found in western Afghanistan, principally in the Herat province, usually as agricultural laborers subservient to their Afghan masters.

The true Afghans, as distinguished from the "affiliated Afghans," as they have been termed, are those of the Durani tribes, who, calling themselves Ben-i-Israel, claim descent from the lost ten tribes who were carried into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar. In his traditions, his family nomenclature, and even in his characteristic features, the Durani betrays a trace of Hebraic origin. They are the most numerous of Afghan tribes, and inhabit southern Afghanistan chiefly, and particularly the district of Zamindawar. The section was originally known as Abdali, the term Durani dating only from the days of Ahmed Shah. The tribe has three main divisions, and to one of them, the Barakzai, the present royal house, founded by Dost Mohammed, belongs. The Duranis are the most warlike and most fanatical of the tribes, and have always retained the supreme power by reason of their prowess, their religious enthusiasm, and their control of the best arms and ammunition. They have always been our bitterest foes.

Next to the Duranis or true Afghans, are the Ghilzais, who are of Turkish extraction. They form, as already indicated, the trading part of the community; and while they have never given a ruler to the land they now inhabit, they have provided occupants for the throne of Persia. They are a powerful section, and without their support no Amir could long retain the throne of Kabul.

The tribes which occupy the central mountainous zone are of Mongol origin, relics of the invasion of Genghis Khan. These Hazaras, as they are termed, have always maintained an amount of independence which has been troublesome to the Afghan Amirs, as their mountain fastnesses are so difficult to penetrate. They, too, are Shiahs Mohammedans, and their language is a Persian dialect. They are a sturdy,

wiry race of Highlanders like the Gurkhas and Dogras of Northern India, free from the fanaticism of the Pathans, and favorable to the British power. They are excellent workmen and soldiers, and large numbers of them have enlisted in our native regiments on the Indian frontier. The Afghan corps of sappers and miners is recruited from the Hazara tribes.

Another section of the population which, until nearly decimated by the armies of the Amir a few years ago, always retained its independence is that occupying Kafiristan between the Kabul and Chitral rivers. These tribes are in reality tribal remnants of diverse kinds speaking many dialects, and having absolutely nothing in common with the Afghans or Ghilzais, and little with each other. They are of Aryan stock, and have never as a people embraced the Mussulman faith. Hence their name "Kafir," which signifies "infidel."

Reference has been made to the chronic internecine strife which has ever prevailed in Afghanistan as a result of the mixed character of the population. After the Afghan war of 1878 Shere Ali fled, and died in exile. His son Yakub Khan, who succeeded, gave us the Treaty of Gandamak. The Cavagnari mission went to Kabul, and was wiped out by the fanatical Afghans, a procedure which necessitated another war, and Yakub was deported to India. But meantime Ayub Khan, marching from Herat on Kabul, attacked a British force at Maiwand, annihilated a brigade, and entered Kandahar. The result is recent history. Ayub Khan, always a popular hero, was worsted by General Roberts and deported to India, while Abdurrahman Khan, the eldest grandson of Dost Mohammed, was offered the throne. His position was by no means a bed of roses, and he had a rebellious cousin, Issak Khan, to deal with, against whom he was fortunate

enough to be successful through no tactics of his own. He soon, however, proved himself a wise and strong ruler, and was given a subsidy from the Indian Exchequer. The original purpose of this grant was defined in a letter from Lord Ripon, in which, after discussing the difficulties besetting the situation, and accepting the Amir's protestations of loyalty and assurance of good faith, he continued: "Impressed by these considerations, I have determined to offer to your Highness personally, as an aid towards meeting the present difficulties in the management of your state, a subsidy of twelve lacs of rupees a year, payable monthly, to be devoted to the payment of your troops and to the other measures required for the defence of your north-western frontier." The reply of the Amir was in grateful and cordial terms. Ten years later an addition of six lacs was made, and it was agreed to assist the Amir with material and munitions of war. That the arrangement proved a wholly one-sided affair may be gauged from the opinion subsequently expressed by Lord Roberts, who in Afghan affairs could speak with authority: "Abdurrahman Khan appeared to have entirely forgotten that he owed everything to us, and that but for our support and lavish aid in money and munitions of war he could neither have gained nor held the throne of Kabul. He mistook the patience and forbearance with which we bore his fits of temper for weakness, and was encouraged in an overweening and altogether unjustifiable idea of his own importance."

The situation, therefore, during the rule of the late Amir may be summarized thus: During the twenty-one years he held the reins of power he provided a welcome halt to incessant turmoil by methods thoroughly in accord with Durani precedence. Every possible enemy was simply "removed."

He profited by our every difficulty, received some three millions of our gold, and gave nothing in exchange. Tracts of territory which he allowed us to absorb owed him no real allegiance, were indeed but thorns in the flesh; their inhabitants could never be controlled, and proved a constant source of trouble.

While with our money and moral support he consolidated his own power, built factories for arms and ammunition, made roads, and trained his army, he gave absolutely no facility for British trade with his dominions. Few Europeans were admitted within his realm; railways and telegraphs were rigorously excluded; education was at a standstill. Our frontier foes were ever accorded an asylum; our traders were subjected to prohibitive dues. At his death trade with Afghanistan was less than on his accession, with no hope of betterment, and we who clamor for the open door in China and elsewhere were compelled by the exigencies of the political situation calmly to acquiesce.

To-day the situation is somewhat improved. Abdurrahman has been gathered to his fathers, and his eldest son, Habibullah Khan, reigns in his stead. Habibullah has broken several traditions since he ascended the Afghan throne. Despite the rule that the heir should not leave the country, his eldest son, the Sardar Inayatullah Khan, paid a lengthy visit to the Viceroy at Calcutta. This was followed by a visit from the Amir himself which cannot but be productive of ultimate good. No wholesale massacres have been found necessary to establish Habibullah's throne, and he has encouraged the return of political refugees, high personages whose lives in Afghanistan would not have been worth a day's purchase in the time of his wily father. He is imbued with a desire to further the interior trade and communications in his country, and he is willing to im-

prove his relations with the Indian Government. So far good.

But of infinitely more importance will be the future policy of Habibullah towards Indian trade and commerce. Upon this his sovereign existence must eventually depend. Hitherto he has manifested an antipathy to such commercial development as did his forbears, but it is possible that he may be educated to see the folly of this course. Our frontiers have been strengthened on scientific lines, and our former helplessness has been minimized. It is impossible for the *status quo ante* to be indefinitely maintained, by which India pays the Amir to stifle her trade. Times have changed in great measure since the days of Shere Ali and Ayub Khan—times and also men; and the question will sooner or later come to be considered on a commercial basis whether the enormous subsidy granted to the Amir is justified by results under the new conditions which have arisen. The terms of the original subsidy to his

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father are very clear. Were the new Amir sufficiently enlightened to grasp the situation, he might firmly secure himself on his throne by permitting the gradual establishment of a telegraphic service throughout his kingdom, the extension of the Indian railway system from Chaman to Kandahar, and from Jamrud to Kabul, and eventually the union of these cities by a line through Ghazni. By such means he would obtain the earliest possible and most accurate information of impending troubles, and be able to mass and maintain his troops where and when occasion required; he would provide employment for a great mass of his subjects, encourage trade with the Punjab and Central India, and conduce to the wealth and welfare of his people. Otherwise, what the future may have in store for himself and his country is one of those vexing problems whose ultimate issue we cannot speculate upon without the gravest anxiety.

PROBATIONARY.

VII.

The police force at Kordinghee amounted to sixty men. There were twenty rifles of the military police, twenty-five town constables armed with *lathis*, and fifteen men in the Thana armed with batons.

Dick ordered the three detachments to be in readiness at two o'clock. When he was giving directions to his Inspector in the morning he took care, though he said nothing openly, to leave an impression that he expected a riot. The Inspector was too well-drilled to say anything which might imply that the Police Sahib had expressed uneasiness. He received the orders stolidly. But before Dick left he insinuated a compliment about the general quietness

of the place and the absence of crime and discontent, and Dick knew the man had no suspicions. His order to turn out in the blistering sun at two was put down to the overflow of waste vitality, the inscrutable restlessness of sahibs from which all men suffered.

Dick laid his plans secretly. He stationed a man in mufti at the palace gate to watch events, and to send him word if there were any signs of hurrying on the funeral. At two o'clock he sent a messenger to Bose at Mahendrapuram, asking him for a warrant for a post-mortem, and telling him that in the absence of the proper civil authority he was acting in anticipation of sanction. The letter would take two or three days to reach him. He also

wrote to the Collector of the district saying that Bose was away, and that, acting upon secret information, he intended to hold a post-mortem on the Rani's body. He excused himself for not telegraphing on account of the urgent need of secrecy. At half-past two he rode to the police lines. At three he mustered his men. Half an hour later they were formed up on either side of the road to the Raja's burning ghat. No one, not even the men themselves, had a notion that they were there for any other purpose than to keep the road.

Soon the wail of the mourners began to rise and fall in the distance. Dick wondered if his low-caste policemen would dare to place their hands upon the bier. To the superstitious the thing was sacrosanct, unapproachable to men of their caste, for it bore a corpse, a woman, a Ksatriya, a Raja's wife, invisible at all times.

As the din grew louder the unturbaned crowd of mourners appeared round a bend of the road. In front walked the chief of the funeral, bearing the fire that was to light the funeral pile. Four Brahmins carried the litter behind. As it came into view the bier was halted for the third and last time, while the Brahmins placed rice in the mouth of the dead. Dick braced himself. He recognized many of the Raja's relatives round the corpse. Vast multitudes of the townspeople and ryots from neighboring villages closed in behind, eager, excited, apathetic, curious. Wild and discordant music filled the air, breaking forth abruptly and dying away in dramatic spurts and lulls inspiring dread.

The bearers were not fifty yards from the gate when Dick, who was sitting on his horse at the end of the ranks nearest the procession, gave the order to form in double line in the centre of the road. In ten seconds his men, instead of lining the road, were

formed in a position to bar the advance of the funeral. Policemen and carriers faced one another in blank amazement. The movement was so sudden and unexpected that for a moment not a word was said. Then the old man who carried the fire at the head of the mourners cried out—"What has happened? What has happened?"

Dick rode up to the Inspector.

"The orders are to seize the corpse," he said. "Foul play is suspected. There will be a post-mortem."

The man saluted mechanically. He looked at Dick; he looked at his little knot of men. Then he looked at the crowd.

"Sahib," he said, "they will never permit. They are a hundred to one."

"Never mind," Dick said. "I'll break any man who holds back. Form a cordon round the corpse. I will order the bearers to carry the bier to the hospital. If they refuse, choose six of your best men and give them the lead."

Dick bellowed the orders again so that all the world could hear. The police hesitated and held back. He dismounted and advanced to the bier. The bearers looked at him in dismay, like men arrested on a capital charge. A group of court officials pressed forward chattering and gesticulating wildly. Dick repeated the order. The bearers shook their heads doggedly. He called six of the men he trusted best and gave each his place by the bier and told them to press on with it, and carry it themselves if the bearers refused. He ordered the Inspector to form an advanced guard with fifteen men. He stationed as many on each side, each party under a head constable, and he held the rear with his twenty military police.

The moment the first policeman put his hand on the bier the mob rushed in angrily from behind, and Dick and his men beat them back with the butt-

ends of their rifles. Stones flew, and the men were embroiled. Dick's spirits rose. They were committed to it, and that was half the battle.

"Make haste!" he cried to the escort; "I will keep them back. They are running to the town for *lathis*. Only get the corpse into the hospital before they attack."

He fought a rearguard action all the way. A stone smashed his right ear. He countered a *lathi* stroke, and felled the man who struck. Five of his men were disabled. A score or more of the rioters were wounded, and one was left with a broken skull.

At the hospital there was a pause. The mob held back, waiting reinforcements. Dick lined the verandah with his rifles, and ordered them to fire a volley over the heads of the crowd if they attacked, and if that did not stop them, to fire into them till they dispersed.

As they mounted the hospital steps Dick caught a glimpse of Venkata Sastri inside. When he entered the apothecary had disappeared into another room. The astrologer salaamed to Dick politely, and explained that he had come to see if he could do anything to allay the riot. His explanation was cut short by the Raja's secretary, who drove up in a landau.

"This is a very serious affair, Mr. French," he said as he waddled up the steps. "The populace is highly incensed at insult offered to deceased corpse. I warn you if you proceed with the post-mortem there will be a very sanguinary affray. Your own life is in danger."

"You are right," Dick said, "there is likely to be shooting. In the meantime, this is no place for men of peace. You have a carriage."

"You are no doubt acting under orders," the Babu said.

"That is my business."

"Are you aware that the post-mortem

is illegal without a warrant from Mr. Bose?"

"The post-mortem will be held immediately," Dick said with finality.

The Babu was saying something about irregularity of procedure when a volley from the verandah silenced the protest on his lips. This tremendous and unanswerable comment left him bleached and speechless.

Dick was at the door in a moment.

"That's right—fire over their heads till they close," he shouted. "By Jove! here is one of them that means business."

It was Jai Singh, the boasting, bhlang-eating, ex-sepoy, Rajput durwan of the Raja's palace. He came on brandishing a *lathi* in both hands over his head. A single shot dropped him among the cratons at the foot of the steps with a bullet through his shoulder. The few braves who followed turned and fled.

"One more volley over their heads," Dick cried, "just to put the fear of God into them, and fire high."

But the menace was superfluous. Jai Singh's repulse was the sign of a general stampede. In a few minutes the compound was empty. Not a living soul was to be seen anywhere except the two saises taking cover behind the landau.

Dick entered the hospital.

"Babu," he said, "you can go on with the post-mortem."

He addressed the legs of the apothecary, which were to be seen peeping out from under the *charpoy* where he and the secretary had hidden themselves at the first shot. Venkata Sastri was standing by the door. His perfect composure made Dick uneasy. It was not the attitude of a man who had anything to fear. Dick wondered what untapped resources of evil the astrologer possessed that he did not resist the post-mortem. But it was not difficult to guess.

The astrologer and the secretary drove off without much persuasion. The Brahmin wore a saffron shawl thrown over his left shoulder. The other shoulder, naked and hairy, was silhouetted against the plush cushions of the landau in a way that suggested an alliance of the most sinister progress with original sin. As Dick watched the purple and yellow anachronism disappear along the road to the palace his heart sank for the first time.

VIII.

The result of the post-mortem was known all over Kordinghee that night. The apothecary found no traces of poisoning; he reported that the Rani had died of heart-failure. The composure of Venkata Sastri had not been feigned. He believed that he had bought security. It was safer, he thought, than to resist the investigation. The apothecary was to receive ten thousand rupees and the palace favor.

But the astrologer was much too astute to believe that Dick's resources were exhausted. He thought that the next move of the police would be to send the Rani's remains to the Civil Surgeon of Ganjam under escort. The journey would take four days' double marches, and in the meantime he had another card to play. Venkata Sastri's surmise was not far from the mark. Dick did not leave the hospital until the contents of the stomach had been packed and sealed in his presence. Then he left a strong guard over them and rode back to the bungalow. He telegraphed to the Collector of the district and the Superintendent of police telling them what he had done, and to the head constables of all the Thanas between Kordinghee and Kalingapatam directing them to send relays to meet him. The sealed packet was destined for the chemical examiner of Madras, a functionary of whom Venkata Sastri had never heard. It

was to be shipped by sea from Kalingapatam.

Dick expected another attack on the road. He was convinced that the palace folk would be busy inciting the mob to recover the outraged Rani's corpse, that it might be carried to the burning ghat and disposed of according to the immemorial rites of her ancestors. He had no suspicion of the dark intrigue that was afoot. The first hint of it was the loss of his seal.

Venkata Sastri had too little faith in the courage of the Telugus to risk another engagement with the police. But the diversion caused by the riot in the afternoon, and the concentration of the whole force round the hospital, gave him a chance that he did not scruple to take advantage of. At half-past eleven in the night an old ryot, from a hamlet half a mile out of the town, came to the hospital with a tale that his daughter had been abducted. He and his son-in-law had gone to Kordinghee, leaving the girl alone with the wife of a servant. The woman said that she saw three unfamiliar looking figures enter the house, at which she was so frightened that she had hidden herself in an old disused well. She heard the girl scream frantically, but her cries had become fainter and fainter as if she had been gagged. At last when the house was still, after waiting a very long while, the old woman plucked up courage enough to enter it. She found that the unhappy girl had been carried away. Nothing else in the house was touched.

A sub-inspector and three men were despatched to the spot at once. Dick was astonished. It was a most unlikely story, and a suspicion crossed his mind that the affair was a ruse to divert his attention. He asked the Inspector if he had ever heard of a case of forcible abduction in the neighborhood before. The Inspector said that

he had not, though they were common in the Punjab.

The apothecary, who had been kept unwillingly on the scene, said it was natural that strange crimes should be committed when all the police were collected in one spot. Some *badmash* had taken advantage of the opportunity to kidnap a bride.

The Inspector asked Dick in a whisper if he saw any connection between the girl's abduction and the loss of his seal.

Dick looked at him incredulously. "You don't say that you think these fiends in hell mean to use the old man's daughter as a substitute?"

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"Whom can you trust, Sahib? No one is incorruptible. The thing might be done in half an hour in the night here, or in Ganjam, or on the road, and a poor man earn the best part of a village for being asleep."

"You are right," Dick said. "You had better lie down. We will have to start an hour before sunrise. I will leave the abduction case to Itaghava Rao."

Dick had made up his mind to ride beside the Rani's remains all day, to sleep by them all night, and never to leave the packet until he had seen it safely embarked on the ship.

Edmund Candler.

(To be concluded.)

FASHIONABLE PHILOSOPHY AT OXFORD AND HARVARD.

Pig-philosophy, as Carlyle called it, is going out of fashion; that is, materialism of the baser sort. Not the veiled materialism of the pessimistic Schopenhauer, which was idealism of a thoroughgoing type, though the conclusions to which it led would satisfy the most sceptical of scoffers, the gloomiest of dyspeptics; but the "universal nescience," as Mr. Lilly calls it, the universal nescience in terms of materialism in which he who accepts the teaching of Schopenhauer, or indeed that of Huxley or of Tyndal, finds himself inextricably entangled, expressing "a crude disbelief in whatever lies outside the senses' grasp; which disbelief, appearing in a positive form, is the ancient doctrine that ginger is hot in the mouth."¹ Now although the crude materialist is justly regarded as something of a prig, if not a philistine, among the better educated of our time, another aspect of the same all-embrac-

ing nescience has riveted itself once more in the minds of many whom to describe as rude agnostics might very justly be considered rude. The modern revival of pragmatism, or the theory that the ultimate reality in Nature is Will, as Professor William James and Mr. F. C. S. Schiller are trying to convince us, is in truth not much more or less than the Idealism of Schopenhauer served up in a more up-to-date dressing with perhaps not a little Oxford sauce and Harvard relish. Of course it will be said Protagoras was their tutor and master. But then should it not also be admitted that Schopenhauer was their real mentor in more recent times, and that in the remote past Buddha was the real founder of their school, though Schopenhauer, like Professor James and Mr. Schiller, knew perhaps as little, and cared less, about the Buddha Gautama as did Protagoras or the host that followed him?

There is a saying of Max Müller's that "all higher knowledge is gained by

¹ "Modern Pessimism" in "Many Mansions," by W. S. Lilly.

comparison and rests on comparison." If so it were, then no more interesting task could present itself to our minds than to draw the comparison between the chief features of this fashionable will-philosophy of Oxford and Harvard, known as "humanism," and the materialistic idealism of Schopenhauer in their relation to the great philosophic systems of China and Tibet and all the greater wisdom of the East. Huxley, in his Romanes Lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," recognizes the place that Gautama occupied, not merely as a religious teacher but as the true founder of idealistic thought—the precursor of Berkeley and of Hume. And Mr. Lilly points out the resemblance between his teaching, as regards the *à priori* elements of human knowledge, with that of Kant; and of Kant's pupil and follower, though somewhat a perverter, the same magnificent but pessimistic Schopenhauer, whom we venture to regard in truth as the pragmatist of pragmatists of recent times. The ideality of the world is Schopenhauer's first position. The external universe is a cerebral phenomenon. "The world of phenomena, known in sensuous perception, exists only for our percipient minds, its essential nature therefore is mental representation." As Mr. Lilly puts it: "It depends upon mental activity, and ceases to exist when the percipient mind ceases. Is there behind this phenomenal world a Reality, an Absolute Existence, an Ultimate Fact? Hume says No. Schopenhauer holds that there is, and that Reality, that Absolute Existence, that Ultimate Fact he designates Will." And Berkeley held it was also Will, the Will of God.

Mr. Oxenford, who was the first to display an appreciation of Schopenhauer's "true rank in the province of philosophic speculation," tells us (as Mr. Lilly recalls), in the *Westminster Review* in 1853, that "Gravitation, electricity, and, in fact, every form of ac-

tion, from the fall of an apple to the foundation of a republic, is an expression of the Will and nothing more, developing itself in a series of manifestations, which rise in a graduated scale from the so-called laws of matter to that consciousness which in inferior animals reaches the state of sensibility and understanding (in Schopenhauer's sense) and in Man reaches that higher state called Reason." The Will is the *thing per se*, the thing in itself of Kant, the noumenon or ultimate reality which gives rise to our perception. It is the potential power in Nature waiting to assert itself when the opportunity arrives. But that power, if it exists at all, whether potentially or actually, must—as Berkeley held, and Lotze too—already exist as a perception, in some form or another, in some mind; else it must be something of the nature of Herbert Spencer's "unknowable," which is in itself unmeaning. Hence, as Lotze held, there must be an absolute self-conscious mind in whom or by whom this external reality—be it only potential will-power—is all the while in some sense or other not only perceptible, but actually perceived.

A critic in the *Cambridge Review* describes this view of the world, as I have put it in the *Origin of Life*, as some nonsense of my own. It may or may not be nonsense of my own when so modified, but it is quite clear that the said illustrious critic was more qualified to appreciate the Pig-philosophy of Epicurus than the lofty idealism of one of the giant intellects which Germany has contributed to learning at a period when she eclipsed all Europe in intellectual thought. But this *en passant* for this very unjust steward. Professor James and Mr. Schiller are more in earnest, and it has given me much pleasure to peruse some of their recent writings,² approximating as I

² "The Will to Believe" and "Pragmatist Philosophy," by William James. "Studies in Humanism," by F. C. S. Schiller.

think they do to a system of thought which the scientific world will sooner or later, in some form or another, be compelled to adopt. They will perhaps forgive me if I seem more eclectic than even in the pragmatic system they would claim to be. Though Will be the ultimate factor in Nature, there is no reason why in the highest development it should not also be self-conscious and know that it is Will that wills, as Mr. James and Mr. Schiller seem to know. They have been dealing with the psychology and mechanism of the intellect, rather than with the problem of reality. And even if that ultimate reality proves to be will-power, it would none the less be a reality. Men are men, or ought to be men, before they are philosophers. And the wish, or the will, is father to the thought. That a pragmatist should become self-conscious is no argument against pragmatism, as Hegelians seem to think, nor against Hegelism as some pragmatists seem ready to avow. In its practical aspect it leads to one or other of two views; nor does it appear that it can actually decide between them. Does it lead to gross materialism and utilitarianism, as Schopenhauer maintained, or does it lend support to the ethical system which Buddha based upon it? It seems impossible to say. So long as it is admitted that we live in a world without God, as the Buddha and Schopenhauer maintained, the basis of that morality seems to me to be not real but fictitious. But if moral law is not merely a convenient utilitarian system, nor even the rigorous law of Nature without purpose, but rather the law or mode of

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operation of a mind working for a purpose for a higher good, the system of Lotze affords a substantial basis for the reality of the world and that Moral Law.

Mr. Lilly reminds us of a curious passage in Gwinner wherein Schopenhauer is said to have been deeply moved upon seeing a picture of Rancé, the saintly founder of La Trappe. "He gazed upon it for a long time, and then, turning away with a pained look, said 'That is a matter of Grace.'" "The explanation," Mr. Lilly adds, "is that, in this moment at least of his dark and ignoble existence, Religion had found out Schopenhauer"; that the light which, beaming from the holy ascetic's face, dazzled and dismayed him, was in truth a reflection of that uncreated light — *aeternum atque indeficiens* — which the pure in heart see, and which is the "life and the light of men." Similar instances have been recorded by Renan in his correspondence with Berthelot—two microscopically attentive minds who once or twice perhaps thought that Nature might also be seen through a telescope as well as through a microscope. The intellectual pleasure which the pessimism of Schopenhauer affords is no doubt useful because it is intellectual. So is that of some more modern pragmatists. But if that which gives us solace can also be shown to be true, the greatest benefactor of humanity is he who can establish it; even as a Lotze might seem to have done it, or, as Schopenhauer is said to have once admitted, as an artist might appear to demonstrate it in a Rancé's face.

John Butler Burke.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON THE MISUSE OF WEALTH.

Mr. Roosevelt plays an exceptional and a very useful part in the formation of public opinion. The singular frankness which characterizes some of his speeches could hardly be shown in any position but that which he actually holds. A King necessarily speaks with reserve upon almost every question that comes before him. Even the Czar has to consider the effect of what he may say on the tasks which he has imposed on his Ministers; and Sovereigns more fettered by Constitutional limitations find their highest wisdom in leaving the expression of opinion on public matters to those who are responsible for the conduct of them. Still less is the French President his own master in point of speech-making. In the first instance, he is as much the representative of a particular party as the Prime Minister himself, and in what in France seems the highly unlikely event of a sudden swing of the pendulum, it is probable that he would not long outstay the politicians who placed him in his high office. This is not a position likely to suggest or encourage freedom of utterance. The President of the United States suffers from none of these disadvantages. He is the elected representative, no doubt, of one of the two great parties which divide the American democracy; but his Ministers are of his own choosing, and his relations with the Legislature have none of the intimacy which characterizes those of a party leader to his Parliamentary supporters. No living ruler is so little responsible to any judgment but his own. He speaks, indeed, with the authority conferred on him by millions of votes; but he speaks also with the freedom born of the knowledge that when he lays down his office he passes out of active political life,

and leaves his words to be judged by their own intrinsic value.

Mr. Roosevelt's latest Message to Congress is the most outspoken even of the remarkable series to which it belongs. The subject is one that he has often handled,—the misuse of wealth by that small section of the community which possesses it in exceptional amounts. The special form of this misuse against which his attack is directed is of course his old enemy the Trusts. The President sees clearly that the "tasteless and extravagant luxury" which is sometimes associated with great riches can give no real pleasure to any one. A man who is able to gratify every fancy that occurs to him inevitably finds that the process yields enjoyment so long as it is new, but no longer. The multiplication of pleasures becomes in the end a fight against the depressing influences of custom, and in this contest custom always wins. The one joy which remains to the end is that which comes from the use of power and the control of men. A gigantic Trust is a machine for riding down every rival whom you have not enlisted in your own enterprise, and in the sleepless watchfulness which the conduct of vast speculations demands there is a large store of intellectual enjoyment. But it is enjoyment that of necessity belongs only to the few. Here and there, no doubt, great business capacity is an hereditary quality, and the third generation is as eager to add to its possessions as the first was to start collecting them. But instances of this kind are rare. More commonly the undertaking by which the fortune was made no longer gives either employment or interest to the descendants of those who made it. They are thrown back on the "nominal

pleasures" which Mr. Roosevelt denounces as so undeserving of the name they bear. This is the kind of wealth that does so much to encourage Socialism. When private ownership is regarded simply as ministering to luxury, which is not saved from being mischievous by the fact that it is often idiotic, when self-indulgence has made the body "soft" and the face "hard and cruel"—these are touches in Mr. Roosevelt's picture—when the family takes no root in the country, and the son is a fool and the daughter a foreign Princess, and when the rich man can point to no one who is really happier for the money he has squandered, the ground is cleared for the gospel of public ownership. Why, ask those who preach it, should the State tolerate the existence of wealth by which no one benefits when there are so many fields of enterprise lying unused for any higher purpose than the demoralization of its possessors? Let the community resume the rights which it alone can be sure of using for the real good of individual men and women. Let us, in fact, save the millionaire from himself.

Those who have no belief in this way out of the difficulty—who have, indeed, a firm conviction that to take it would only perpetuate the same evils—will feel most sympathy with President Roosevelt's attack. It is impossible for the possessor of vast wealth to be merely useless. If he does nothing worse than neglect every opportunity that his riches give him, he has put arguments into the mouth of every Socialist writer or speaker. It is truth that these arguments leave out of sight two very important facts,—that unless the owner locks up his money in a safe and takes out just so much as is wanted to supply each day's waste, it must be profitably used by others, though not by him; and that we have no certainty that the men who in a Socialist community would have the man-

agement of the public purse would not repeat under different names and by different methods the same wealth-wasting process. If the useless rich man could be got rid of in any way which would not make those who would take his place equally, if differently, hurtful to the community, we should see him disappear with entire composure. But this is what we have no right to count on. A state of things in which every man shall be left free to employ his money as he chooses, while at the same time proper precautions are taken to ensure that he shall choose nothing which does not promote the general good, cannot exist outside Utopia. We are perpetually confronted by the necessity of tolerating many questionable, or less questionable, uses of liberty because we cannot retain the possession of it at any less cost. The State cannot dictate to the rich man how he shall bring up his son, or to whom he shall marry his daughter, or how much money he shall spend on building palaces or giving entertainments in which the one element of pleasure is the thought that never before has so much money been spent on a single meal. At least it cannot take in hand the ordering of these things unless it is prepared to bring them under some general prohibition which will be found in practice to forbid outlays which no reasonable person wishes to discourage. Liberty, if it means anything, means freedom to order your life for yourself (so long, that is, as you do not so order it as to prevent others from doing the like); and mankind is so ready to be wise for other people that it is not safe to give the least encouragement to the exercise of this dangerous faculty. Consequently, we can but wonder that very rich men so easily let slip occasions of doing public service, which, properly employed would, we honestly believe, give them

more real pleasure than any which their present expenditure can give them. The field is a large one, and it is limited to no one country. Great wealth is almost always cosmopolitan in its origin, and there is no reason why it should be spent at home if the owner prefers to spend it abroad. If the rich man dislikes the English climate or English habits, let him live in the Riviera, or on the Italian lakes, or in Africa. All that we would ask of him is that the neighborhood he chooses should be the better for his preference. If this is too much to expect, if he cannot endure being obliged to live for any length of time in one place, let him become a beneficent wanderer, and in really fine buildings, in well-endowed hospitals or other charities, in the prompt execution of public works for which the State cannot at present find money, leave evidences of his passage which shall endure in the recollection of his momentary neighbors long after it has faded from his own. Whether Mr. Roosevelt's sermon will make any converts we do not know; but it is so far like other and

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more commonplace sermons that, if it were but translated into action, those whom it had influenced would be the first to recognize how much they had gained by laying it to heart. The consciousness that you have so used your wealth as to benefit instead of injuring others, that you have made the countries in which you lived or the towns in which you have stayed the better for your residence or your visit, that you have shown the world that private property may be used for the general good as truly as though it belonged to the community, has in it more solid elements of enjoyment than such retrospects as those from which Mr. Roosevelt would save his country. So long as there are cities to be reconstructed, collections to be properly housed, dependents to be made happy, wealth has uses which may give all its possessors a kind of pleasure which as yet only some of them have tasted. If Mr. Roosevelt's Message could but make rich men believe this, the service he has now done his countrymen would be greater than all that have gone before it.

SIR ROBERT HART.

Eastern story preserves the record of many careers more romantic—from Marco Polo's governorship of Yangchow under Kublai Khan to the achievements of soldiers of fortune in Hindostan—but there have been few more remarkable and few so beneficent as that of Sir Robert Hart under the Government of China. The occasion of his departure for Europe on well-earned furlough, after nearly fifty-four years of residence, broken only by two short visits to Europe, has been fittingly recognized as opportune for an appreciation of his services. It would be singular if the public impres-

sion upon any matter connected with China were free from error: it is not surprising, therefore, to find a prevalent belief that Sir Robert originated the great Service with which he is identified, and that his tenure of the Inspector-Generalship has been coincident with his residence in the East. His arrival in China coincided, certainly, with the inception of the Customs, for he went out in 1854 to join the British Consular Service, while the Customs originated in the fiscal chaos that culminated with the capture of Shanghai by the Triad rebels in that same year. Trade was going on, but authority was

absent and the collection of duties had slipped from paralyzed hands when it was agreed between the British, French and United States Consuls and the Taotal that the latter should appoint one or more foreigners to act as Inspectors of Customs, with a mixed staff of foreigners and Chinese as subordinates. It was arranged further, in pursuance of this plan, that the Consular representative of each Power should nominate one Inspector, the three to form a Board. The first British Inspector—Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Wade—resigned in 1855, and was succeeded by Mr. H. N. Lay who, as the French and United States Consuls ceased to nominate representatives, shortly became sole Inspector. The arrangement applied as yet, however, only to Shanghai. It was extended to other Treaty Ports by the Treaty of Tientsin, Mr. Lay becoming Inspector-General; and it was when he retired (in 1863) in consequence of misunderstanding about the flotilla of gunboats which Captain Sherard Osborne had been commissioned to procure for service on the Chinese coast and rivers, that Mr. Hart who had entered the Customs Service in '50, succeeded him.

The Service was, of course, then in its infancy, some thirteen ports only being open to trade, and it fell to Sir Robert Hart to develop its strength and organization as commerce expanded and places of access were multiplied in succeeding years. It is needless to emphasize a success which is universally acknowledged. What that success implies may be best realized by contrasting his administration with the conditions that it superseded. "Official laxity" (we quote from a memorandum published in a Blue-book of 1865) "had fostered official dishonesty, and hand-in-hand with it stalked individual rapacity. The aim of the Executive had been to get as much as possible from the merchant,

and to report as little to the head of the Department as possible; and, conversely, the interest of the merchant had naturally been to pay the least possible amount. . . . Operations passed through so many hands . . . that the necessary result was to keep the higher offices in utter ignorance of the real value of this branch of the national revenue. On the official side each one looked to the dexterity of his manipulations for support in his unsalaried—or, more properly speaking, to-be-him-paid-for—position; and, on the other hand, each trader, in his own defence, had to beat down or evade the official demands so as, if not able to gain better terms, at least to secure equality with his neighbor." Instead of this tissue of corruption Sir Robert leaves behind him a Service administered with probity and exactitude, a considerable and safe revenue, and a system of statistics which is acknowledged to be equal in lucidity and grasp to any in the world. Looking on this picture and on that, one may comprehend the anxiety displayed by foreign merchants interested in China trade when the famous Decree establishing Chinese control evoked the protests which the China Association voiced two years ago. It seemed to us at the time, and it seems to us still, regrettable that Sir Robert did not resist that innovation and resign, if necessary, in protest, in the interests of China itself as well as of the great Service which he controls. It was an innovation contrary in spirit to the stipulation in the Anglo-German Loan Agreements of 1896 and 1898 that "the administration of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs should remain as then constituted during the currency of those loans," and was calculated—like the jealousy shown of the Foreign Municipality at Shanghai—to excite distrust where imitation would ensure sympathy and goodwill.

Yet that the Chinese appreciate Sir Robert Hart's services and personality, even while trying characteristically to lessen his powers, is shown by the tasks entrusted to him equally with the dignities conferred on him during his career. For his services have not been confined to the administration of the Customs. To him was entrusted the duty of creating and financing, out of the Tonnage Dues, the excellent lighthouse system on the Chinese coast. To him was entrusted the creation, a few years ago, of a Postal Service which excites surprise as well as commendation by its efficiency after so brief a term. He has acted as trusted adviser to the Chinese Government in many known and probably many more unknown ways. It was to a member of the Customs Service, Mr. J. D. Campbell, that was entrusted, under Sir Robert's guidance, the settlement of the dispute with France about Tongking, in 1885. It was another member of the Service, Mr. James Hart, who was commissioned to arrange terms of intercourse between India and Tibet in 1893. If China was to take part in an International Exhibition Sir Robert was entrusted with the arrangements; and it is in recognition partly of such services as well as of his distinguished administration of the Customs, that honors have been conferred upon him not only by his own country, but by almost every European Court. More gratifying, too, than baronetcies and Grand Crosses will be the recollection he carries with him that he was once offered (in 1885), and even gazetted to, the post of British Minister at Peking. The appointment was declined because it appeared likely to jeopardize the administration of the great Service with which his reputation was bound up, but the offer must rank high among the gratifying recollections of which he bears away with him not a few. The appointment was criticized, as Sir

Robert himself has been criticized. It is inconceivable that a man holding his unique position should escape criticism; and it may well be that his actions and utterances have been influenced at times by what has been called the hypnotic effect of prolonged residence in Peking. Few who have lived long there have altogether withstood it. Sir Robert resisted it longer than most men in his position would have done. It was not indeed till after the Boxer rising that he appeared to succumb; and it is perhaps only another of the paradoxes we are accustomed to look for in the Celestial Empire, that an experience of Chinese treachery and ingratitude which might have been expected to cure and cauterize Chinese leanings seems really to have intensified them. We are concerned, however, less to criticize views and sympathies which have come to be recognized as endemic within the walls of Peking than to review the achievements of a distinguished career. And we cannot better complete our design than by citing a generous avowal, quoted by Dr. Morrison from a Chinese newspaper, that "ever maintaining the highest standard [Sir Robert Hart] has always enjoyed the Throne's confidence and gained a glorious name throughout the world. . . . Never has the employment of a foreign statesman been so fruitful of success. Such long-maintained trust, such faith growing deeper and deeper on one side, such generous affection and sustained diligence on the other" transcend the faculty of expression; and the writer concludes with the expression of a hope, which he declares to be shared by the Throne, "that this loyal servant will return to China, towards which though absent he still is looking in spirit." It would have been to the credit of the Chinese press if like views had been more generally proclaimed, but their expression—in Peking, at any rate—seems to

have been reserved for a paper edited by a Japanese! It would have been to the credit also of the great Chinese officers of State if they had figured more numerous in the international gathering that assembled to wish Sir Robert Hart good-bye. There is, we are glad to be told, evidence that educated Chinese do realize the great services which he has rendered. It is characteristic of the national vanity that the recognition should be grudgingly expressed.

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Sir Robert has reached an age when initiative is apt to fail, but when knowledge has accumulated and judgment is often only matured. He is leaving at a critical period in the fortunes of China, and it will be impossible completely to fill his place because his experience has been unique. If it fail to induce him to return, the Imperial Government will be fortunate if it can put in his stead one combining approximately equal knowledge with a less burden of years.

"SOMEHOW GOOD." *

If it were necessary to account for Mr. De Morgan's popularity, I should be inclined from among other obvious causes to select one in particular: that he writes for those who, to quote Mr. Henry James, "like to read with the senses as well as with the reason." Mr. De Morgan's work is cheerfully concrete, showing indeed an impartial delight in the material world seldom found unimpaired in the years that bring introspection. His characters also make their first appeal to eye and ear, following the practice of life. It would be convenient, a saving of barren friendships and of much talk at cross purposes, if our fellow-creatures would introduce themselves psychologically scheduled as possessing such and such distinctive habits, tastes, and hereditary tempers. Something of the kind—when science has taken polite society in hand—we may one day see accomplished. Meanwhile, we must embark on new acquaintances with no more preliminary light than may be derived from the outer man, from gestures and tones of voice more or less constrained, and fragments of talk more or less insincere. Long after-

wards only do we learn the intricate mechanism controlling solid structures grown familiar, though capable of altering strangely to an altered point of view. Mr. De Morgan's people take gradual shape in much the same way. They are not only alive but—more rare in books—have a distinct faculty of growing. It would not be easy to say exactly how it is Mr. De Morgan builds up his men and women until they live and move and speak almost with audible sound. He is a master of detail, but his method is not in the main descriptive, still less analytic, but rather one of suggestion. Here and there we may complain that the process is long drawn out, needlessly minute, but the final result is successful beyond all cavilling.

It is also true that Mr. De Morgan can achieve his end by more direct and economical means when he chooses, as we see in one of the minor characters of "Somehow Good," Jack Roper, the "real major." Twice for a short space of time we are shown the purple-faced asthmatic old Anglo-Indian "talking himself hoarse about society" in the Hurkura club; starting the hounds of gossip on the tracks of "that very charmin' woman," Mrs. Rosamond

*"Somehow Good." By William de Morgan. Henry Holt & Co., Publishers.

Nightingale; in idle vanity likely to work more mischief than the combined malice of the widow Vereker and Mrs. Professor Sales Wilson, though in aim he is innocence itself: "Don't you go puttin' it about that *I* told you anythin'! You know I make it a rule—a guidin' rule—*never to say anything!* You follow that rule through life, my boy! Take the word of an old fellow that's seen a deal of service, and just you *hold your tongue!*" An arrant old gossip, a club bore, *bête comme un vieux militaire*. But that his garrulity hits the main business in hand, he claims our interest hardly at all. The author puts him on the stage again, and our sum of knowledge is barely increased; a little more hard swearing, a few more blundering indiscretions, gallant but clumsy attempts at retrieval for the sake of somebody's daughter to whom the first page of her own history must at all costs remain dark; a glimpse of year-long cronyship with the much older major, Sally's Colonel Lund ("I knoo our friend Lund forty-six years ago in Delhi. Forty-six—years, and all that time, if you'll believe me, the same obstinate moole"); of the foolhardiness with which habits of friendship will inspire old age—what, after all, has the author done? Very little it seems, but at the end of the few pages Jack Roper becomes one most intimately known, and his sudden, pitiful, obscure exit from life, stealing an involuntary march on that of the "other Major," the least forgettable thing in the book.

These central chapters with their simple concentrated narrative, force of vision, and fine restraint are an interesting commentary on certain criticisms with which some of us have tempered our welcome of Mr. De Morgan. For agreed as we are that Mr. De Morgan's success is deserved, we are yet more agreed that his deserved success has had very little to do with art. Mr.

De Morgan is like a stranger who has safely traversed a difficult and hostile country provided with neither guide nor safe-conduct. He has been congratulated on his feat, but official dignity has hastened to point out that, strictly speaking, he ought to have perished by the way. This, by all the rules, should have been the fate of one possessing neither form nor reticence, nor care for art. In the interests of discipline, reflections in this strain, mildly reproachful, we have felt compelled to make, though perhaps we do not quite mean all the severe things we say. For if Mr. De Morgan's humor is unrestrained—and none the worse for that—we see quite well that in his pathos there is an admirable reticence. And we must admit that if there is no care for art, say in the scenes grouped round the death of Colonel Lund—then art has taken care of an ungrateful child. "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short" undoubtedly were overloaded, and might have cast some of their cargo with advantage, but only pedantry will find the same fault with "Somehow Good." The movement, indeed, is leisurely (since when has art been in so great a hurry?) and digressions—not without method—certainly there are, but if Mr. De Morgan sins here, he sins in high company.

There remains Mr. De Morgan's style, which, to tell the truth, has shocked us not a little. If to express your thought in the form of common speech is to be heretic against art, then Mr. De Morgan is hopelessly heretical. With much modesty he confesses that an "intermittent" style is his only means of imparting information, but it is admissible to believe that had others more orthodox been open to him he had still selected this one. Mr. De Morgan claims to write as a close observer of the actual, and in particular of the actual as regards human intercourse. "Very rarely indeed does

a human creature say what it means. . . . The congenial soil in which the fruit of intelligence ripens is suggestion." Deliberately, one must think, Mr. De Morgan has chosen the "dis-jointed lines of talk" in real life to be the medium of his expression. He seeks of set purpose the colloquial phrase, as another strives for the remote epithet. "Try to mean what you want to say and leave the dictionary to take care of itself" is a maxim dropped by the author, but though in a sense he leaves the dictionary to take care of itself, his is the writing of one more than commonly interested in words and their use and misuse. Much of the author's humor—like Lewis Carroll's—has this intellectual interest at the base. We see it in Mr. Pritchard the builder, who inadvertently re-christened Mrs. Nightingale's villa, and defended his error on the ground that "the names were morally the same, and it was absurd to allow a variation in the letters to impose on our imagination. The two names had been applied to very different turns out abroad certainly; but then they did all sorts of things abroad. If Saratoga, why not Krakatoa? . . . Mere differences of words ought not to tell upon a healthy mind." We see it in the German baron catching up a lady's sentiment: "How sweet the singing sounds under the starlight" by the correction: "It would sound the same in the tawdrey dime, the fibrations are the same"; in Professor Sales Willson who dissects the conversational ambiguities of his family with a malicious enjoyment second only to that with which he proves pretentious sciolists to be "mere" beyond a doubt; in Mrs. Vereker, whose precise violations of sense almost impose upon the imagination: "My dear, you *said* nothing, but if your father could have heard what you did *not* say you know very well what he would have thought"; in the singular boy who has

no way of communicating with his species but through defiance and refutations, and in the running commentary throughout the narrative on confusions of thought and speech. To the same cause it is doubtless due that the book contains many more characters than visibly appear. Thus, the author has a way—slightly disconcerting, as when your horse changes his leg as he canters—of giving place to some unknown speaker of whose dialect he has momentary need. The introduction of the carpet-stretcher's jeremiad has perhaps no defensible cause of existence, other than the author's love of technical jargon in an illiterate mouth, but who would wish the delightful soliloquy away?

In the same free and confidential manner as of one who talks rather than writes, Mr. De Morgan with equal felicity will put before you an evening party or a fight in a London slum; midsummer weather or the foreboding that is in a rough night closing over the sea; an old man's dying or the flirtations of Sally and "Prosy" Vereker. But the means of transmission, if it is to be admitted as style at all, is certainly an undress style. It is not a style for Sundays nor for the library. The tool is excellently fitted to its purpose and to the workman's hand, but it was never forged in any workshop of art. This has been our conclusion, and it is perhaps for this reason that books essentially masculine in character have been praised in terms more usually reserved for the encouragement of the untutored sex. Of the majority of novels published, it would be hard to tell off-hand whether they are written by men or by women. With Mr. De Morgan's books the question could never arise. It does not need the name on the title-page nor the traditional ring in such a sentence as this: "Sally was no lawyer. We do not love her the less for our part,"

to tell us the author's sex. For good or ill we have here indisputably such books as women never yet have written and in all probability never will write. It is singular, therefore, and slightly entertaining to note how some of us have elected to express our commendation exclusively in terms suggesting attributes mildly feminine and passive—"charm," "knack," "sense of character," "nice observation," and the like. It is true that prominent aspects of Mr. De Morgan's work deserve words of quite another import, but that cannot be helped. Those others are big words, sacred to works of art and the artificers, and Mr. De Morgan has only himself to blame—did not the road of observance lie open before him?—If he has had to be content with lesser adjectives, denoting lesser gifts, blind nature's "casual dew."

In Boston, says Mr. Wells—and his Boston has no geographical limits—only the authors of works "toned and

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seasoned" may be lectured upon without indecorum. Mr. De Morgan, it is to be feared, may never be included in company so select. This is regrettable; but after all perhaps it does not very much signify. There are books which are better to talk about than to read. Mr. De Morgan's, it may be, are better to read than to talk about. Read at all events they are, and doubtless for various good reasons will continue to be. Though possibly, human nature being what it is, if some high-nosed Bostonian, snuffing the air for a taint of Phillistinism, come upon us while we read, we shall thrust "Joseph Vance" or "Alice-for-Short" or "Somehow Good" into the background, and draw forward works mellowed by age or imitation and discuss, with such decorum as we can muster, the immortals, or some modern maker of a smooth and elaborate mosaic easily recognized as style.

Eleanor Cecil.

THE SAILOR'S KNOT.

Scene — A Dressing-room. Time — 8.25

A.M. He, with his right arm in a sling, is standing in front of a looking-glass. He is without coat, waistcoat, collar and tie. She is advancing toward him with collar and tie in her hand.

She. I really think I could do it better from the front. It's so awkward putting my arms around your neck from the back. I never can see properly what I am doing.

He. Oh, very well, have it your own way. *(Turns round and faces her.)* It's a turn-down collar, and you'll have to put the tie in first.

She. Which side ought the long end to be?

He. On the right side. Now do be careful.

She. Don't you worry. I know my right hand.

[She faces collar, and with considerable difficulty proceeds to put tie in with long end on her own right.]

He. There, I knew it, I knew it! You've done it wrong!

She. I haven't! *(Flaunting the collar in his face.)*

He. You have! I told you to put the long end on the right side, and you've got it on the left.

[He attempts to snatch collar with his left hand. She retreats a pace or two.]

She. I know you said the right side, and I've got it on the right side.

He (in despair). Very well, then, put it on me and you'll see.

[She puts it round his neck, and contemplates her work.]

She (triumphantly). There, it is on my right.

He (in irritation). Yes, but it's on my left!

She. Oh, that's what you meant, was it? Why didn't you say so at the very beginning?

[Removes collar and readjusts tie properly.]

He. I did say so, only you wouldn't understand me. Now, come, do hurry up and let's get the thing done.

[She fixes collar at the back, and then begins a desperate battle with the front stud.]

He (as the battle proceeds). Oh—ow—ugh—ouch! Don't pinch. Wow! Wow! You're choking me!

[Gasps, gurgles, and becomes purple in the face.]

She (shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat, and speaking with set teeth). I'll—do—it—or—die! Keep still, can't you. Let me get my thumb in at the back of that stud. There, done it.

[She lets go of him, and he sinks down on a chair. The breakfast gong sounds, and steps are heard pattering down the stairs. Children begin to shout below.]

Punch.

She. There's the gong! Get up quick, and let me tie it.

He (rising meekly). You can't do it. No woman can tie a tie properly.

She. Stuff and nonsense! Which end first?

He. Wind the long end twice round the short end.

[She does this.]

She. Next, please.

He (looking over her shoulder into the glass). Pass it up. No, not in front. At the back—at the back, I say! Oh, that's all wrong. You'll have to do it from behind.

She (attempting to do this). I can't reach properly. You must make yourself shorter. That's better. Now say it all again.

He (repeating the formula while she watches him in the glass). Wind the long end—no, no, not that way—from above. Not three times, only twice!

She (firmly). I won't do any more unless you shut your eyes.

[He shuts them submissively, and she proceeds with her dreadful work. Children's screams are heard from below.]

She (giving a final tug to the tie). There, it's done! I must go to the children. *(Dashes off.)*

He (opening his eyes and looking into the glass). Good Heavens! She's done it in a bow!

(Scene closes.)

THE DEATH OF THE RICH MAN.

It was a road as shelterless and bare as any road in Connacht. On one side there was a far-reaching bog, on the other side little fields, cold with tracts of water. You faced the Connacht hills, bleak and treeless, with little streams across them like threads of steel. There was a solitary figure on the road—a woman with bare feet and ragged clothes. She was bent, and used a stick; but she carried herself swiftly,

and had something of a challenge in her face. Her toothless mouth was tightly closed, her chin protruded, wisps of hair fell about her distrustful eyes. She was an isolated individual, and it would be hard to communicate the sensations and facts that made up her life. Irish speakers would call the woman a "shuler." The word is literally the same as "tramp," but it carries no anti-social suggestion. None of

the lonely cabins about would refuse her hospitality; she would get shelter for the night in any one of them, the sack of chaff beside the smouldering fire, the share in the household bit. But though she slept by their fires and ate their potatoes and salt, this woman was apart from them, and apart from all those who lived in houses, who tilled their fields, and reared up sons and daughters; she had been moulded by unkind forces, the silence of the roads, the bitterness of the winds, the long hours of hunger. She moved swiftly along the shelterless road, muttering to herself, for the appetite was planning within her. There on her way was a certain village, but before going through it she would give herself a while of contentment. She took a short pipe out of her pocket and sought the sheltered side of a bush. Then she drew her feet under her clothes and sucked in the satisfaction of tobacco.

You may be sure the shuler saw through the village, though her gaze was across the road. Midway on the village street there was a great house; it was two stories above the cottages, and a story higher than the other shops. It was set high above its neighbors, but to many its height represented effort, ability, discipline. It was the house of Michael Gilsenin, farmer, shopkeeper, local councillor. "Gilsenin, the Gombeen man," the shuler muttered, and she spat out. Now the phrase "Gombeen man" would signify a grasping peasant dealer, who squeezed riches out of the poverty of his class, and few people spoke of Michael Gilsenin as a Gombeen man; but his townsmen and the peasants around would tell you that Michael Gilsenin had the open hand for the poor, and that he never denied them the bag of meal, nor the sack of seed-potatoes; no, nor the few pounds that would bring a boy or youth the prosperity of America. To the woman on

the ditch Michael Gilsenin was the very embodiment of worldly prosperity. It was said—and the shuler exclaimed on Heaven at the thought—that Michael's two daughters would receive dowries of a thousand pounds each. Michael had furnished the new chapel at a cost of five hundred pounds; he had bought recently a great stock of horses and cattle; he had built sheds and stables behind his shop. And Michael Gilsenin had created all his good fortune by his own effort. The shuler wondered what bad luck eternal Justice would send on his household to balance this prosperity. And in her backward-reaching mind, the shuler could rake out only one thing to Michael's discredit. This was his treatment of Thady, his elder brother. It was Thady who owned the cabin and the farm on which the Gilsenins had begun their lives. Michael had reduced his grasping and slow-witted brother to subordination, and he had used his brother's inheritance to forward himself. In forwarding himself Michael had forwarded the family, Thady included, and now, instead of life in a cabin, Thady had a place in a great house. Michael was old now, the shuler mused, he was nearly as old as herself. It was well for those who would come after him. His daughters had dowries that made them the talk of Connacht, and his son would succeed to stock, farms, and shop. The shuler stretched out her neck and looked down the road and in to the village street. She saw the tall grey building, the house of stone with the slated roof and the many windows. And she saw a man hobbling out of the village. He had two sticks under him for he was bent with the pains. The man was Thady Gilsenin, Michael's brother.

Thady Gilsenin was grudging and hard-fisted to the beggars, but he always stayed to have speech with them.

His affinities were with these people of the roads. By his hardness and meanness, by his isolation and his ailments, he was kin to the shuler and her like. She quenched the pipe, hid it under her clothes, and waited for Thady Gilsenin.

He stood before her, a grey figure leaning on two sticks. His hands were swollen with the pains, their joints were raised and shining.

"Well, ma'am," said Thady, "you're round this way again, I see."

"My coming won't be any loss to you, Thady Gilsenin," the shuler returned.

Thady turned round and looked back at the big house.

"And how is the decent man, your brother?" asked the shuler, "and how are his daughters, the fine growing girls?"

"His fine daughters are well enough," said Thady, turning round.

"There will be a grand marriage here some day," said the shuler, "I'm living on the thought of that marriage."

"It's not marriage that's on our minds," Thady said, in a resigned way.

The shuler was quick to detect something in his tone.

"Is it death?" she asked.

"Ay, ma'am, Death," said Thady; "Death comes to us all."

"And it is Michael that is likely to die?"

"Michael himself," said Thady.

This to the tramp was as the news of revolution to men of desperate fortune. The death of Michael Gilsenin would be a revolution with spoils and without dangers. She was thrilled with expectancy, and she said aloud: "O God, receive the prayers of the poor, and be merciful to Michael Gilsenin this day and this night. May angels watch over him. May he receive a portion of the bed of heaven through the gracious intercession of the blessed Mother of God. May he reign in splendour through eternity. Amen, amen,

amen." And crying out this she rose to her feet. "I'm going to his house," she said. "I'll go down on my two knees and I'll pray for the soul of Michael Gilsenin, the man who was good to the poor." She went towards the village striking her breast and muttering cries. Thady stood for a moment, looking after her; then he began to hobble forward on his two sticks. They were like a pair of old crows, hopping down the village, towards the house of Michael Gilsenin.

She could never have imagined such comforts and conveniences as she saw now in the chamber of the dying man. There was the bed, large enough to hold three people, with its stiff hanging and its stiff counterpane, its fine sheets, its blankets and quilt, its heap of soft pillows. There was the carpet warm under her own feet, and then the curtains to the window that shut out the noise and the glare. A small table with fruit and wine was by the bed, and a red lamp burnt perpetually before the image of the Sacred Heart, and so the wasting body and the awakening soul had their comforts and their convenience. Michael's two daughters were in the room. They stood there broken and listless; they had just come out of the convent and this was their novitiate in grief. The shuler noted how rich was the stuff in their black dresses, and noted, too, their white hands, and the clever shape of their dresses. As for the dying man, she gave no heed to him after the first encounter. He was near his hour, and she had looked too often upon the coming of death.

They gave her a bed in the loft, and she lay that night above the stable that was back of the great house. She had warmed herself by the kitchen fire, and had taken her fill of tea, and now she smoked and mused, well satisfied with herself. "This night I'm better off than the man in the wide bed," she said to herself. "I'm better off than you this

night, Michael Gilsenin, for all your lands and shops and well-dressed daughters. I'm better off than you this night, Michael Gilsenin, for all your stock and riches. Faith, I can hear your cattle stir in the sheds, and in a while you won't even hear the rain upon the grass. You have children to come after you, Michael Gilsenin, but that's not much after all, for they'll forget you when they've come from the burial. Ay, they will in truth! I've forgotten the man that lay beside me, and the child that I carried in my arms." She pulled a sack over her feet and knees and up to the waist, and sleep came to her on the straw. But she was awake and felt the tremor through the house, when Death came and took his dues. From that onward her sleep was broken, for people had come and horses were being brought out of the stable. Once old Thady came out, and the shuler heard him mutter about the loss in hay and oats.

When she came down to the yard she saw a well-dressed young man tending his horse. One of Michael's daughters came and stood with the young man, and the two talked earnestly together. The shuler knelt down on a flag and began sobbing and clapping her hands, she was working up to a paroxysm, but gradually, for she wanted to attract the attention of the pair without distressing them overmuch. The girl went indoors, and the young man followed her. The shuler saw two empty bottles; they were worth a penny. She hid them under her dress and went into the house. She made her way to the front door, passing by many people. People of importance were coming, and in such an assembly something surely would be gained. She stood by the street door and watched the great people come, priests, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers and councillors. She stood there like an old carrion bird, her eyes were keen with greed, and her outstretched hand was shaking. She heard old Thady saying, "Now, thank God, we can be clear for the day of the fair. I was thinking that he would still be with us on the fair day, and we would have to close the shop, and that would be a great loss to us. Now we can have everything cleared off in time. God be good to Michael's soul."

The Nation.

Padraic Colum.

BOOKS, AND AUTHORS

When in the year 2000 some one shall write "Methods and Manners of Twentieth Century Female Authors," how interesting will be the chapter describing the ways in which was acquired the knowledge upon which were based some of their "best sellers!" Meanwhile it may be said that the entirely disreputable woman who is Mrs. Margaret Potter's latest heroine is of American birth but otherwise reflects her English sisters drawn by English women, and is no more and no less a subject for art. The hero of the book, a resolute money-getter, is a good portrait. The title of the book,

"The Golden Ladder," seems to imply that his efforts to win a fortune are similar in moral quality to those which the heroine makes to escape from honest work. Only those who have pursued the same course of study as the author can say whether or not her view is correct. Harper & Brothers.

"Yolanda of Cyprus," Mr. Cale Young Rice's new play, to be performed in Chicago next winter, is now published in book form, possibly a wise precaution against overtaxing the intelligence of its future audience, for it is so com-

plicated a piece of intrigue that misunderstanding would be pardonable. The heroine allows herself to fall under suspicion of sin, and at last permits herself to be married to a villain for the sake of saving the reputation of the mother of her betrothed, and yet happiness comes to her in the end. The four acts are all too short to array the incidents intelligibly, and the feat is rendered more difficult by the utter absence of scrupulosity in all the characters, a quality placing them beyond contemporary sympathy. Still it is possible that a company of extraordinary artists might make the performance impressive, and as literature the drama rises above the average, for it contains some admirable passages, and portrays a villainous woman of strong character. The McClure Company.

Of late years, the American has taken to studying himself in his relations with his home, its surroundings, furniture, and belongings, and writes voluminously of his ways in making a nest or a den for himself, and in contemplating the adjacent dens and nests of his fellow creatures. Generally, his spirit is benevolent and kindly, and his confessions and comments are pleasant if not profound reading. Miss Zephine Humphrey's "Over Against Green Peak" tells of a delightful house in Dorset, Vt., in which "Aunt Jane," "Susan" and the author settled themselves and a recently inherited library; and learned to love their natural surroundings, their neighbors, and even their predecessors in the habitation of the house. It is a thoroughly agreeable little book, and although one hardly expects it to climb to the altitude of a best or even of a second "best seller," one can figure it as keeping its place for many a year among beloved volumes, to be presented half a century hence to the attention of youth with.

"Ah, they don't write such books as that, nowadays." Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Thomas Travis is the author of a book entitled "The Young Malefactor" (T. Y. Crowell Co. publishers) which embodies the fruits of close and thorough study of juvenile delinquency. If it is true that the worst use to which a man can be put is to hang him, it is at least equally true that the worst use to which a boy can be put is to send him to jail, therein to be instructed in all courses of crime. Judge Ben B. Lindsay, whose wise administration of the juvenile court at Denver illustrates this principle, furnishes an Introduction to Mr. Travis's volume, and is in turn warmly commended by Mr. Travis for the splendid work he has done in halting the downward course of "the young malefactor." Mere sentiment is one thing; practical experiment with methods of making bad boys better is quite another. It is this practical element which gives Mr. Travis's study value and importance; and all who are interested, as parents or teachers, in the right training of boys and all who feel a patriotic concern in the America of the next generation which is to be very largely what the boys of to-day may make it will find instruction and profit in this book.

Mr. Robert Hunter's "Socialists at Work" seems to be written for the removal of two species of ignorance; that which declares the socialist group to be small and weak, and that which, in the face of speeches and books inciting to murder and sedition fancies that it is utterly harmless. For the former group, he has figures and statistics, history and biography; for the latter he has accounts of organizations hitherto active chiefly for good, but furnishing no pledge that some ambitious leader may not to-morrow use them for

evil ends, but it must not be thought that he presents them for this purpose. He regards them with approval, but as he writes truthfully he does not conceal the possibility of their malversation. The book describes the Social Democracy of Germany; the Socialist Party in France and in Italy, the British and Belgian Labor Parties; and then gives a chapter to "The Program of Socialism," and follows it by "Socialism and Social Reform"; "Socialism in the Parliaments"; "Socialism in Art and Literature," and "The International." Also, it presents the pictures of the leaders and a highly instructive group of portraits they are. In the chapter on "The German Social Democracy" Mr. Hunter exults over the results of socialism such as the hundred million annually paid to the working man by the state insurance system; the state ownership of mines and railways and other natural resources and public utilities; the taxation so arranged as to bear lightly on the poor; the improvements of the workman's hours and wages. He omits to say that the prices of manufactured articles have advanced and that the credit of the country has depreciated, and that all salaried classes, whether paid by private enterprises, by the universities or by the state, are discontented. The book is instructive and should be read by all who are uncertain as to the scope and desires of Socialism, but to permit its spirit to take possession of one's mind is unwise for it takes much for granted which still remains unproved. The Macmillan Company.

It is not to be expected that Americans will read M. René Bazin's "The Nun" with such perfect sympathy as the author's own countrymen and co-religionists, but by the picture which he presents, they must be profoundly moved for there is nothing sadder in the literature of the hour.

The five sisters of whom his heroine is one are not cast out utterly penniless; each has forty francs, eight whole dollars, from the mother-house of their order, and a "charitable lady" clothes each of them in one of those unutterable second-hand black costumes that come forth to dress the victims of earthquake, flood, or fire. The world which they had renounced has no work for them, there is no sense of permanence in the uncomfortable niches which four of them make for themselves, and always they bend beneath the burden of living outside the beloved fold in which they had placed themselves for life. Pascale, poor little orphan Pascale, youngest and most beloved of the band, takes shelter with her only kinswoman, to become the victim of her son, a man reared in schools from which thoughts of God and religion were excluded as if pestilential, and despising and hating piety with his whole soul. With ingenious brutality he pursues her to lower and lower depths of degradation, murdering her at last because nothing but life is left for him to take from her. He is the latest version of Jacques Bonhomme, of the Red, of the petroleur, hating God and his worshippers as they hated the feudal lord, the aristocrat, and the rich, and as the poor little nun is a reproach to her country so he is a warning. Having killed her he vanishes and her four sisters spend a little bequest bestowed upon one of them by charity, in buying her a grave and giving her Christian burial, and then they creep away to the iron isolation of utter poverty. This is the story. The auxiliary passages, the picture of Pascale in the home of her girlhood, the firmly drawn portraits of the other nuns; the exquisitely selfish old priest, and the devoted abbé are full of merit, but it is Pascale who is the significant figure. Charles Scribner's Sons.